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BESIDE A GRAVE.

BY T. W. N.

Out of the grass that is over thy breast,
  Hearing my coming, a bird took her flight;
Where shall she travel for holier rest,
  Scattering dew on the robes of the night?
Was she thy soul for a moment returned
  Out of God's hand to the temple of rust,
Touching the bosom of clay she has spurned,
  Leaving her tears on thy forehead of dust?

What shall I tell thee? Night changes to morn,
  Woodlands are sweet with the call of the dove,
Motherly finches contented in thorn,
  Nurse for their husbands a nestful of love,
What is all beauty if thou have no part?
  Would that life's rule might be dead for thy sake,
Friend, as I moan from the turf on thy heart,
  O, to be stooping and know thee awake!

Under False Colors.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WILFUL WARD," "HIS WIFE'S SISTER," "FLINT AND

no means rare when art and literature form the only means of livelihood.

Sons and daughters alike had to turn out into the world, but, by a singular stroke of good fortune, Esther, the eldest, through the good offices of Joan's only relative, an aunt by marriage—whose husband was one of the late Mr. Vyse's patrons—obtained the post of companion to the young heiress.

"I will have no middle aged chaperon," Joan had declared, with quiet decision. "I want a girl of my own age, nice looking and amusing, who won't find fault with me if I am idle, or sit in a draught, or go out after sundown without a wrap. You can chaperon me to balls and dinner-parties, aunt Ellen, and that is all the looking-after I need, or intend to have."

So Esther Vyse was engaged, and soon became a favorite, for she could make herself very agreeable when she chose; and Joan was delighted with her. The girls had spent a happy three months together during the gaieties of a London season, some of which Joan insisted upon her companion sharing with her; and it was not till now that anything had occurred to mar the harmony existing between them, when

only condition I feel inclined to make. You had better accept it, Joan."

There was in the speaker's tone something more than mere counsel—there was menace. The girl addressed turned a shade paler, and bent her face still lower over the embroidery at which she was industriously stitching.

She rose presently and, tossing the piece of silk aside, walked away to the window, perhaps in order that her companion should not notice the struggle for composure which she was undergoing.

Joan was a tall, good looking girl, with a slim svelte figure, small hands and feet, a head of hair of a rich soft brown, showing golden rays in the sunlight, a clear brunette complexion, and a pair of the loveliest blue eyes imaginable. In fact, the last named constituted the great charm of her face, so sweet and tender was the expression in their violet depths, so soft the shade of their long curling lashes.

Many people said Joan Ainslie's mouth spoiled her, being too large; but then her smile was irresistible, and her white even teeth were dazzling when they showed themselves, which they did very often, for Joan's was a sunny nature, and she had previously known no real trouble to chase away the laughter from her lips and the light of happiness from her eyes.

Her companion was handsome, too, but in a different style. She was bigger than Joan; her hair was fair, her complexion a delicate pink and white, and her eyes were hazel. Large sleepy eyes they were, except when excited or angry, when they had a vindictive expression, quite out of keeping with the calm nonchalance which characterized Esther Tyse's every movement, even to her speech and manner.

Few people, looking upon the two as they sat in the luxuriously-furnished boudoir of a house at Queen's Gate, would guess that, while Joan was one of the wealthiest heiresses in England, Esther was only her paid companion, the daughter of a struggling artist, who, after toiling in vain for the fame and its attendant riches which never came, died of a broken heart, leaving a widow and large family totally unprovided for—a state of things by

—ish and who was many years his, and she had been brought up in a French convent under the care of the Mother Superior, who had been a friend of her mother's. At eighteen, Joan returned to England, and remained for three years under the guardianship of her uncle, whose death and her own coming of age had made her her own mistress, free to do as she liked, and manage her vast property according to her own judgment.

Lady Ellen Ainslie had recently decided to spend the rest of the year abroad, and much wished Joan to accompany her; but the latter declined. She had had enough of foreign life, she declared, and had made up her mind to rusticate with Esther for company during the summer months in some remote corner of her native land, where they could do exactly as they chose, and where none of the amenities of society could mar their happiness or enjoyment.

"Nobody will know us," Joan had said, "and I shall be able to feel for once that people are not civil to me because I am rich, since they will be entirely ignorant of the fact."

Lady Ellen sighed plaintively, but gave in, as she usually did where Joan was concerned.

"As you like, my dear," the old lady replied. "I think I may trust you not to get into mischief; but be sure, if you should happen to meet with any accident or misfortune, to let me know, and I will return to England at once. Your dear uncle's presence would make itself so felt if I went to any of the places we have visited together that I feel I must get away from England for a time. Miss Wheeler will go with me, and I shall do very well. I only hope you will do the same. Yo[u] have Rachel—that is one comfort. She is [a] in herself, and I shall not mind le[aving] you with her to see after you."

So Lady Ellen and her companion st[arted] off for Paris, en route for Switzerland; and Joan and Miss Vyse set themselves to work to discover some quiet spot where they could live a new life and and taste the sweets of complete isolation from society.

Joan had hitherto been as happy as a child; but in two short days years seemed to have rolled over her head, and she her-

self to have become somebody else. And yet it was but an insignificant matter that had caused all the trouble.

Just before she left London, Lady Ellen had had a turn-out of her escritoires, bureaus, et-caetera, including a cabinet which had not been opened for years. Joan and Esther had assisted the old lady in overhauling its contents; and in return Lady Ellen had given both the girls some Indian ornaments of great value, and to Joan a tea service of Sevres china which had belonged to her great-grandmother.

"All these papers and rubbish may go away," Lady Ellen said, as she locked up the cabinet again and put the key into her pocket. "Miss Vyse, perhaps you would be kind enough to give them a final look-over, that nothing which is of any moment [is] burnt.

"Yes—I will do so at once," Esther answered cheerfully; and then, as Lady Ellen and Joan left the room, she sat down and carefully sorted everything into a heap beside her.

Half an hour afterwards, Miss Vyse still sat there, absorbed in a deep reverie, with a roll of newspaper-cuttings clutched in her [fi]ngers, and in her eyes the wicked ex-

[mu]ttered, "I have a hold over [the] heiress at last! Shall I not now be revenged for all the envious and jealous feelings which the sight of her wealth and happiness has stirred up within my heart? Yes—and I will make the most of my opportunity, for it is one which may never occur again. Ha, ha! To think Lady Ellen should have chosen me, of all people, to sort out these papers! But then of course she considered me the proper person, being just a grade above the ordinary servants, who are not to be trusted! Well, I do not grumble at my lot this time. Fortune has certainly favored me!"—and, laughing softly to herself, she put the papers carefully away in her pocket, and, having finished her task, her features resumed their usual calm, and she went down to luncheon.

She said nothing either to Lady Ellen or Joan of the discovery, whatever it was, that she had made among the papers, but was so amiable and obliging during the time which elapsed before her ladyship's departure that the latter congratulated herself more than ever upon the good fortune which had procured for Joan so ladylike and suitable a companion.

Lady Ellen, having left for the Continent however, Miss Vyse fired her first shot at her young employer.

It was on a lovely August morning, during an animated conversation consequent upon a favorable answer to Joan's advertisement for a residence in some picturesque secluded hamlet in the West of England, that Esther suddenly remarked—

"All, by-the bye, Joan"—Miss Ainslie had insisted upon their being "Joan" and "Esther" to each other from their first meeting—"that reminds me! I found the other day, among those things your aunt asked me to look over, some papers concerning you. I kept them for you to see;" and she tossed the roll of newspaper-cuttings upon Miss Ainslie's lap.

Joan took them in her hand mechanically.

"The offer seems tempting," she said, her eyes riveted upon the letter she had been reading, "and having the servants left will be a great convenience. London domestics, as a rule, dislike the country, especially the isolated parts of it, and if I took our own and they gave notice, leaving us without any——"

"Had you not better read those?" Esther interrupted coldly, inclining her head significantly towards the little roll in Joan's lap.

Miss Ainslie frowned at the interruption.

"What are they?" she asked.

"Read, and you will see," was the answer; and, taking up a piece of knitting from the table at her elbow, Miss Vyse became apparently absorbed in the interesting occupation of turning the heel of a woollen stocking.

A sudden exclamation from Joan made her start and look up quickly. The girl's face was ashy white; her blue eyes, wide-open and dark with terror, were fixed upon the slip of paper in her hand, which she was reading with an intensity of interest which rendered her oblivious of the presence of her companion as also of the fact that the latter was watching her with eager scrutiny.

"Oh!" Miss Ainslie exclaimed. "How awful—how horrible! And I never knew——"

She did not finish the sentence, but went on reading, throwing aside each slip when finished and taking up the next one with feverish haste till she had reached the last, when, with a groan, she covered her face with her hands and remained silent and motionless.

Esther Vyse went on knitting, apparently quite unmoved by the sight of her employer's emotion, till at length Joan raised her head and looked at her.

"You—you have read these, of course?" she asked, trying to speak calmly, but failing signally.

"Yes," Esther answered quietly—"otherwise I should not have known that they concerned you."

"You have not told any one else?" Joan queried, with deep anxiety.

"Certainly not."

Miss Ainslie heaved a sigh of relief, gathered up the newspaper-cuttings, and, rolling them neatly together again, transferred them to her pocket. Then, taking up the five o'clock tea-cloth which she was working, she began to stitch away at it in silence, her mind in a whirl of amazement, horror and grief, which she strove in vain to lull into tranquillity.

The feeling uppermost in her thoughts was that of burning shame and loathing—shame that another, and that other her paid dependant, should share with her the painful secret which henceforth she must carry about with her, a veritable thorn in the flesh, till her life's end.

Would Esther be true to her and not betray it? Joan stole a look at the calm statuesque face, the pretty golden hair, upon which a stray sunbeam was lingering making a halo round the soft curling fringe upon the white forehead. Could Esther be trusted? Ere she had answered this question to her satisfaction, Miss Vyse spoke.

"It is a good thing I found the papers before they went down-stairs," she remarked, without raising her eyes.

"It is indeed," Joan acquiesced, and shuddered. "I cannot thank you enough, dear Esther, for keeping them for me. Were they to become public, I should never hold up my head again."

"And yet people must have known it at the time," observed Esther coldly.

"Yes, but it is so long ago—eighteen years—and they have forgotten. Besides, I changed my name when I came into my property, at my grandfather's express desire. I often wondered why he wished me to do so. Now, alas, I know too well!"

"It would be a dreadful thing for you if the story were raked up. People always

fight shy of any one whose——"

"Hush, for pity's sake!"—and Joan looked wildly round. "It would ruin my life! Happily no one knows it but you; and you will not speak of it?"

Miss Vyse compressed her lips, counted the stitches in her sock, then replied, in a low tone—

"That depends."

Joan looked at her in horrified wonder.

"Depends!" she repeated. "Oh, Esther!"

"I am not a saint," Miss Vyse remarked curtly. "I do not pretend to be, and—I am poor."

"Which means," Joan interrupted, "that your silence must be bought. Is that what you mean, Esther?"

"Yes," returned Esther bluntly, ignoring the reproach in the other's tone—"if you will put it so. Indeed, Joan, I think you owe me something for not telling Lady Ellen of the papers."

"Yes—yes—of course." Joan clasped her hands together to still their trembling. "What is it—how much do you want?"

"Bah!" Esther rose from her seat as she uttered the scornful exclamation. "I don't want money—at least"—correcting herself—"that would not content me. I am ambitious, Joan. You have it in your power to gratify me and buy my silence for ever."

"But how? Speak, Esther! How?"

Miss Vyse sat down again and resumed her knitting.

"Before I tell you," she said quietly, "you must understand that I am very grateful to you, Joan, for all the kindness and consideration you have shown me since I have been with you. I like you, too, and would serve you in any way in my power. But, if any one else had found these papers, black-mail would have been levied on you, and after all, perhaps, you would have been betrayed. I shall not resort to black-mail, and I will swear it, if you will only"—she paused and looked straight at Joan—"let me assume your position as Miss Ainslie, the heiress, for one year, while you take that of my companion. Surely"—laughing a little nervously—"that is not much to ask? In return I will take a solemn oath never to breathe to a living soul one word of my discovery of your family secret."

Esther paused, and then Joan answered—

"A very handy, [illegible] and long for my purpose; and it is the only condition I feel inclined to make. You had better accept it, Joan."

For some minutes there was silence in the pretty boudoir, which was broken only by the twittering of the goldfinch in his cage by the window and the roll of vehicles in the street below.

Miss Ainslie stood looking out upon the passers-by, noting mechanically an angry altercation between a lady and gentleman whose dogs were fighting vigorously in the middle of the road, to the intense delight of some butcher-and baker-boys who had formed a ring round the combatants.

It seemed to Joan strange that Esther—whom she had hitherto thought of as a loving faithful friend, sweet-tempered and yielding to a degree—should have developed into this cold hard mercenary tyrant, whose silence must be bought, and who, unless she had her way in this demand of hers, had the power to ruin her employer's future and cause her to bow her head with shame.

However, Joan felt that she had no alternative but to comply with Esther's demand. There was but that or the ruin of her life and prospects, and the loss of her own self esteem as well as that of others. A faint flush rose in her pale cheeks, and her eyes grew sad and wistful.

Oh, why had this trouble come upon her just now, when life was looking so bright and hopeful? Why should Esther take from her the power of doing as she pleased, and deprive her of the money which enabled her to gratify her charity as well as her little luxuries? Oh, if only she had sorted those wretched papers herself!

"Well," said Esther, there was a trace of decided anxiety in her voice—"have you decided?"

"Not quite," Joan answered, bracing herself with an effort and going back to her chair.

"I shall take no other offer."

"Very well. Then—you must do your worst!" came the unexpected reply.

Miss Vyse started and looked at her, but Joan's face was immovable.

"I think a year too long," the latter said, "besides which we should find it impossible to change positions during the London season. I have no objection to taking your place while we are away in the country, and until such time as we return to town. I will therefore agree to your terms for six months—no longer."

There was determination in Joan's voice, and Esther knew well that when it took that tone argument was useless.

"Six months will not do," she said doggedly.

"Very well. Then I give you to understand that your services as my companion are at an end. You can leave me and do your worst. I shall join my aunt in the Tyrol, and once away from England slander will not affect me much."

Joan rose from her seat as though to signify that the interview was at an end.

This was not at all what Miss Vyse wanted. In the first place, the hundred a year she received as Miss Ainslie's companion was not to be sneezed at; in the second, she would gain nothing by mere personal spite, whereas, even in six months, with money and position at her command, she might succeed in making a marriage which would place her beyond the pale of poverty for the rest of her life.

Of the consequences when her husband found out the trick she had played him, Esther cared nothing. Selfish and heartless, she thought only of her own aggrandisement; and hers was not a nature to regard anybody or anything but herself.

"Stay, Joan," she said gently. "Do not let us quarrel over this. I do not wish to leave you, and I would not willingly injure you. There is only, in this seeming cold-blooded persecution of mine, a desire to benefit myself, and enjoy for a season the delights of being rich. Oh"—and Miss Vyse threw up her arms with a proud despairing gesture—"you don't know how hateful it is to be poor and dependent; to see others around you enjoying the luxuries you can never hope to gain; to feel that, unless you work and slave from morning till night, you must starve! Can you wonder that I hail any opportunity which can give me a chance of being something better than a pauper?"

"And yet you seem to forget that in thus making your own terms you are placing me in a very awkward position," Joan remarked coldly.

"I am not asking you to do anything that I have not done. You will only have to be for six months what I have to be always—a paid companion. Surely you are [illegible] what constit[illegible]

"Certainly not: but [illegible] my own money, not yours. You [illegible] to think day after day that you and your possessions are at the mercy of some one else. You remember the story of Semiramide, who coveted entire control of her husband's kingdom for one day, and then, when he gave his consent to her desire, finished her short reign of despotism by having his head struck off."

Esther laughed at the girl's recital.

"I shall not do that," she remarked. "Your possessions would be no good to me unless you were with me to superintend my temporary control of them."

"I am to understand, then, that you accept my terms—of six months?" Joan asked.

"Yes—I must, I suppose—dating from when?"

"From the day we leave London for Ashburn," was the firm rejoinder. "I shall write and take the house at once, and we will go down next week. By-the-bye, what about Rachel? We must take her, and she will wonder at the arrangement."

"Tell her that you are doing it for a joke—you want to keep people in ignorance of the fact that you are an heiress—and that I have consented to change places with you while we are away."

"I don't know how it will answer;" and Joan sighed wearily. "Esther"—suddenly turning to her and laying her hand on her arm—"can I trust you? You will not divulge the secret, after all?"

"I will not," returned Miss Vyse. "I swear never to let a word pass my lips of all I know—so help me Heaven!"

CHAPTER II.

THERE never was a more beautiful place in all England than Field Royal. So said the inhabitants of Blankshire, and so thought the owners thereof.

It was a stately mansion, standing high upon a wooded slope, from above whose surrounding trees a flag-tower could be seen, with a pennon waving proud[illegible] With its gray battlemented walls, its [illegible]cient ivy-covered porch, its heavy mullioned windows, and its big round tower, the building looked at a distance like a baronial castle of olden times.

Within, the house itself still bore evidence of ancient grandeur, although the present baronet was by no means wealthy, and had great difficulty in adapting his means to the demands on his purse. His father had been an extravagant man, spending money lavishly upon the adornment of his home, and then mortgaging it heavily to pay for the improvements.

When he died and his son succeeded to the property, his first act was to cut down the expenses of the establishment, much to his mother's horror, she being fully as extravagant as her husband had been. He then sold the hunters and racing stud, and reduced the staff of retainers by at least one-half.

"When I have paid off this mortgage, mother," he told her, "you shall have everything as before; till then I must economize."

A pleasant, genial young man was the Baronet, Sir Humphrey Lisle. He was good-looking, with a tall manly figure, sinewy and well-knit, a dark clear skin, a firm square jaw, kindly gray eyes, and a sweet smile. Mothers of marriageable daughters looked kindly upon him, for, if he was not as rich as some of the other eligible parti[illegible], his family was one of the oldest in England, and his character irreproachable.

"Humphrey must marry money," sighed Lady Lisle. "It is very unfortunate, for rich girls are so often vulgar—their parents retired tradespeople, and their belongings generally quite unpresentable. Yet, unless he secured an addition to his income, he could never maintain the position the Lisles have always been accustomed to; besides that, children are more of a trial than a blessing when their parents' means are straitened."

So her ladyship set herself to work to discover a well-born, refined heiress to reign as mistress at Field Royal, although aware that in so doing she was sacrificing happiness at the shrine of duty, for Sir Humphrey was difficult to please, and invariably fought shy of the object of his mother's solicitude every time she broached the subject.

Her mind was full of schemes for the accomplishment of her purpose as she sat opposite to Sir Humphrey at the luncheon table in the oak-panelled dining-room at Field Royal.

Truly any woman might feel proud to be Humphrey's wife, she thought, as she looked at her son. The Lisles had always [illegible] a race of singularly handsome men and [illegible] and lovely womanhood, and to look [illegible]

"So Rook's Nest is let again," Sir Humphrey remarked, looking up from his plate and breaking in suddenly upon his mother's meditations. "Some people from London, Hawes told me. I wish to goodness that place wasn't so near us! I'll buy it one of these days when I can afford it, if only to prevent the possibility of constant invasion by the cockney-fied element they always have there. Why in the name of all that is sensible Merrivale wants to have his place pulled about by strangers every summer passes my comprehension!"

"Rook's Nest lets well," Lady Lisle observed, with a slight smile. "And the rent is high. Lord Merrivale is wise in his generation, I think."

"Well, it is to be hoped that this time the men won't come shooting my covers without permission, and the girls take to camping out upon the lawn, as the last lot did," Sir Humphrey remarked.

"Yes, dear; but then they were Americans. The incoming tenants, Adele told me this morning, were a M'ss Ainslie, a wealthy heiress, and her lady companion."

"Humph!—an old maid. Well, at any rate she won't shoot, and is probably too prim for any other masculine tendencies," said the Baronet, with a relieved sigh.

"If I hear she is a nice person, I shall call upon her," Lady Lisle observed after a pause; "it will be dull for her, not knowing any one. I dare say Mrs. Darcey can find out all about them for me."

"If she cannot, nobody can!" laughed Sir Humphrey. "She is a fearful gossip!"

"She is a very useful person," was the r[illegible] "I should have called upon those [illegible]ers if she hadn't discovered that he [illegible] a public-house at Grantham."

Bowler was a very decent fellow," Sir [illegible]mphrey said warmly; "fit for any society, and his wife was the most kind-hearted little woman to be met with anywhere. I believe Mrs. Darcey trumped up that story because they went to the Baptist chapel instead of attending church."

"Oh, Humphrey!" Lady Lisle exclaimed, looking shocked.

"Well, Kitty said so too."

"Kitty is incorrigible"—but her ladyship smiled as she said it. "By-the-bye, she arrives by the 4 15 train this afternoon. Can you go and meet her? I must go into Chepstow, and I cannot get back in time, for it is such a long drive to Corwent."

"All right! I'll take the dog-cart. Kitty likes driving tandem. I suppose we shall have Forsythe down soon."

"Yes—on Saturday. Humphrey, don't let Kitty drive. I read of such a sad accident only yesterday. A young lady was thrown out of a dog-cart and killed, so I am nervous."

"Pooh, mother! Don't you worry about Kitty; she is the best whip in the country. There is not much fear of her coming to grief."

"She is a fearful tomboy still," sighed her ladyship. "It is generally the case when a girl has no sisters, and depends upon her brothers for companionship. I suppose she will tame down when she is married. I am sure I hope so."

"Poor Kitty! What scrapes I used to get her into! And how Mademoiselle Roeque did scold me, to be sure!"

"Yes—you were a dreadful boy!" Lady Lisle said musingly, gazing fondly at her handsome son. "But you are every inch a Lisle."

"Complimentary to the Lisles! I say, mother, on what day are these people coming?"

"Next Wednesday—at least, the Burgoynes and Lady Ilchester accepted for that day. I haven't had an answer from the Coatsworths, so I fancy they must be abroad still."

"Chumleigh writes me that he will be here one day next week. The partridges are in splendid condition, and we never had better prospects of making good bags. I'm glad I didn't let the shooting—I half thought of doing so."

"It is a great pity we are obliged to be very economical!" the old lady remarked plaintively. "I have never been accustomed to it, and it doesn't suit me."

Sir Humphrey smiled. Perhaps he was thinking how much better it would have been for her and him had she been a little less extravagant in days gone by; but he replied kindly—

"Never mind, mother. Things will right themselves some day. There is that rich [illegible]

[illegible]

Sir [illegible]

"No," he answered. "I am hard to please, I confess. But perhaps some time in the dim future there will come across my path the maiden I could woo and wed, and I am content to wait. She will be all the more worth the trouble of winning if I have to seek her."

He spoke half in fun, half in dreamy earnest, and, rising from the table, followed his mother from the room, humming the refrain of "My Queen."

"She is standing somewhere, she that I wait for,
She I would honor—my queen, my queen!"

"I wish he had no farther to seek than Rook's Nest," her ladyship thought. "I must find out about this heiress."

* * * * * *

A cosy rambling house, with a thatched roof and many gables; a quaint old porch, embowered in roses, which climbed up over it and spread themselves in rich clusters round the diamond-paned windows, while surrounding the house was a sweet old-fashioned garden, gay with bright-hued dahlias, asters, and beds of scarlet geraniums.

On the lawn, under the shade of a wide-spreading chestnut-tree, two girls sat, with a small table placed between them laid for afternoon-tea. The steam from a silver spirit-kettle rose jubilant into the balmy air, while the fragrance of the refreshing beverage mingled with the scent of clematis and mignonette.

Both young ladies were attired in white, though the dress of the fairer of the two was more elaborate both in make and adornment than that of her companion. While the latter's hands were guiltless of rings, the other girl's fingers sparkled with diamonds, and gold bracelets adorned the firm white wrists.

"Joan, I have come to the conclusion that it will be insufferably dull here."

"Have you? That is a pity, for we shall have to remain some months yet," was the reply, as the speaker filled up the tea-pot and helped herself to a slice of cake. "I like it."

"And I don't! Look here, Joan!" Esther raised herself from her recumbent position in a cosy-looking hammock-chair

and leaned towards her companion, speaking in a lower tone. "Hitherto I have not attempted to assert the authority which is now mine, but I must say I think it the height of absurdity to shut ourselves up in an isolated, out-of-the-way place, where nobody knows us, and where, though we have been a whole week, we haven't seen a soul. Of what use is my six months' privilege of playing the grande dame in these circumstances, I should like to know?"

"Perhaps we may come across somebody eventually," Joan replied soothingly. "Rachel told me just now that the owner of that beautiful place—it is called Field Royal—we passed yesterday is Sir Humphrey Lisle, and that he lives there with his mother and sister."

"I dare say they are proud, stuck-up people, who don't visit anybody out of their own set," Esther interrupted. "They won't come near us, be sure."

"Then there is the Rector's wife—she will be sure to call—and the doctor's sister."

"Oh, they are no good!" was the testy rejoinder. "We are not likely to be ill, and I for one want no sermons and loathe parish work. Yes, Martin, what is it?" to the staid-looking parlor-maid who was coming gingerly towards them over the grass. "We did not ring."

"No, ma'am; but Lady Lisle is in the drawing-room."

"Oh!" exclaimed Joan, rising suddenly. "I will come."

Esther stopped her by a gesture.

"No—not you," she remarked. "I will go myself."

Joan watched Esther walk away, her white draperies, daintily lace-trimmed, floating behind her, her diamond earrings gleaming in the sunlight, and Miss Ainslie's lips quivered.

"So," she murmured, "my punishment for a sin I never committed has begun in earnest. How shall I go through with it? But, of course, it was only right Esther should go; she is mistress here now, not I. I nearly spoiled everything—I must be more careful."

She laughed a light hysterical laugh, wiped away a furtive tear, and, taking up her novel, which she had laid down when [illegible] absorbed in its

bird bacause and give 'em the shoot he would. I tied its wings ... and I think—I am afraid—he was very much taken with her, for he admitted that she was very beautiful, and he talked, oh! as old, and other young, and both singularly prepossessing.

Esther had evidently made a good impression upon her ladyship, Joan thought as she watched them. Then, as they approached, she rose, and bowed distantly in response to Esther's introduction, wondering within herself if the latter always felt in society as she did now, and, if so, how she could possibly bear it.

"Lady Lisle will take a cup of tea, Joan. I have told Martin to bring out more chairs," Esther said pleasantly, as she brought forward her own and her companion's for the visitors' benefit.

"I always think this is such a charming garden," Lady Lisle observed as she seated herself and glanced around her.

"I think Rook's Nest is altogether charming," Joan said, forgetting her new role.

"We—I have taken it for six months," Esther put in quickly. "But I was saying to Miss Vyse only now that I feared we should find it too dull to remain so long."

"Oh, I hope you will stay!" Lady Lisle ejaculated cordially—in truth, she was delighted to find the heiress so young and good-looking. Surely Humphrey could find nothing to object to in so perfect a face and form? "We shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you and Miss Vyse"—turning a kindly gaze upon Joan—"at Field Royal. We have a party coming for the shooting on the 2nd, and then we shall hope to have a little gaiety."

"Thank you; we shall be delighted!" Esther replied, with a radiant smile.

"Mrs. Darcey tells me she knew your aunt slightly," Lady Lisle continued. "They met at Wiesbaden, I think, some years ago."

Esther started and looked rather uncomfortable.

"I dare say," she returned, trying to speak carelessly—"I don't remember her name."

"No; she told me you were not with her. I asked her if she had seen you."

Esther looked—as she felt—considerably relieved.

"What a lovely place you have, Lady Lisle!" she remarked, adroitly changing the conversation. "We passed it yesterday when we were driving!"

"Field Royal is always admired," her ladyship answered, smiling. "You must come over to luncheon and see the house. We have some curious relics, and my husband, who was a connoisseur in art, made quite a collection of valuable pictures. Do you draw or paint, Miss Ainslie?"

"Yes, a little; my father was"—she stopped and bit her lip—"very fond of art."

"Ah, and I dare say he imbued you with the same taste! And you, Miss Vyse, do you share Miss Ainslie's talent?"

"I? Oh, yes—I dabble slightly in oil-painting," Joan answered; "but I have not done anything lately!"

"Kitty is fond of it," her mother said, "only she won't finish anything."

"No—I am a Will-o'-the-Wisp," Miss Lisle acknowledged, laughing. "I am never quiet at anything long, except, as Humphrey says, to have a dress tried on."

Joan looked at the girl admiringly. Kitty was a sweet, fairy-like creature, with a lovely piquant face, dark soft eyes, and small nose, altogether a most fascinating little body, as wayward wilful, and lovable as she was pretty. She drew up her chair nearer Joan's.

"When you come up to Field Royal I will show you my daubs," she told the latter confidentially. "I don't let every one see them, but I like you, and you are not a humbug, I can tell at a glance. We shall get on capitally, and I want a friend. I have never had a sister, and though Humphrey is the dearest boy in the world, it is not quite the same."

"No," assented Joan. "I never had even a brother—I wish I had."

"I think you will like Humphrey," Kitty said thoughtfully—"everybody does. He is so good tempered, and brave and honorable."

"He is not married?"

Joan could have bitten her tongue out the moment the words were uttered.

"No; and the worst of it is he must marry money, because we are not rich, and Field Royal is heavily mortgaged. He says he shall never find an heiress who is his ideal as well, so he will have to keep single."

[illegible] Felicia, with pleasant, if languid, interest.

"No," said Nance.

And the word dropped like ice from her lips.

"No? How strange! I should [illegible] mer-

At this moment Lady Lisle's voice—addressing Joan—caused a diversion.

"Miss Ainslie says she will come over and lunch with us on Wednesday. May we hope to have the pleasure of your company as well, Miss Vyse?"

Joan looked at Esther inquiringly.

"Thank you," she replied; "since you are so kind as to ask me, I will come."

A little more general conversation ensued, and then Lady Lisle and her daughter rose to leave, the former reiterating her expressions of pleasure at having made Miss Ainslie's acquaintance, and her hope that the latter would be able to spend much of her time at Field Royal.

"That is better!" Esther exclaimed, with a sigh of satisfaction, when she and Joan were once more together. "We shall get on now, I think."

"They seem nice people," Joan remarked dreamily.

"I wonder what Sir Humphrey is like," Ethel continued. "Lady Lisle seems very anxious to introduce him."

"He must marry money, and you are an heiress, you know," laughed Joan.

"Who said he must marry money?" asked the other sharply.

"His sister told me so."

"Well—I tell you what, Joan, heiress or no heiress, I mean to marry him;" and Esther drew herself up to her full height and gazed at her companion defiantly.

Joan shrugged her shoulders carelessly.

"You are quite welcome, as far as I am concerned," she answered.

* * * * * *

For the next few days after Lady Lisle's formal call, Rook's Nest was invaded by visitors. That Miss Ainslie had been visited by her ladyship so soon after her arrival was sufficient guarantee of her respectability, and so everybody who lived within calling distance made a point of scraping acquaintance with the heiress.

And now a bitter trial came to Joan.

Esther, in tasting to the full the delights of holding a position—courted, flattered, and made much of—had assumed an overbearing dictatorial air towards her young employer, which the latter found it very difficult to endure patiently. In fact, the two girls had already had a disagreement on the subject, in which Esther had come off victorious.

"If you do not like my manner to you before people," she said coldly, "you need not appear. But I am not going to pick and choose my words, nor do I intend to have people speculating as to why I am so civil to my paid companion. For six months, Joan, remember, I am mistress here; and, though I have sworn never to betray your secret, there is a condition attached, and that condition I intend to adhere to!"

After that, Joan sought to assert herself no more, but endured, with what equanimity she might, the haughty behavior of the girl who held her future welfare so entirely in her hands.

"Joan, I must have some pink ribbon to put on my dress. I wish you would go down to the village and get me more; I can give you a piece to match."

Miss Ainslie looked up from the letter she was writing, and her countenance fell. When she had engaged Esther as her companion, it had been settled that Esther should have her afternoons to herself, unless required to accompany her employer on any expedition that the latter might desire. This rule Joan had insisted should be adhered to with regard to herself, but of late she had noticed that Esther invariably made a point of requiring her services directly after luncheon, thereby keeping her employed for the remainder of the afternoon.

Joan had retired to the morning-room to write the weekly letter which her aunt had bargained for during her sojourn abroad. The girl hoped to have a quiet hour wherein to accomplish the task, it being a somewhat difficult one, as Lady Ellen had been kept in ignorance of her niece's discovery of the secret and of Esther's imposed conditions of silence.

Scarcely had the first page of news been completed, and Joan was in the middle of the description of Lady Lisle's visit, when she heard Esther calling her, and the next minute the latter entered the room.

"Can't Martin go?" Joan inquired. "Or I could send Rachel."

Rachel steadily refused to take any orders from Esther, nor would she act as her maid, which was a source of constant [illegible] to the pseudo-heiress.

"Martin [illegible] I intend to wear to-morrow, and I won't have Rachel ado anything for me!" Esther replied angrily. "You must go; it isn't far, and you can easily finish your letter in time for the post when you come back."

"It takes exactly three-quarters of an hour to walk to the village. I cannot possibly get back before five, and the post goes out at half-past," Joan observed. "However, of course, as you must have the ribbon, I will go."

"I wouldn't have asked you if I could possibly do without it, you may be sure," Esther said bitterly, "for you always make a fuss about obliging me, even in the veriest trifles!"

"I am not making a fuss, but it was agreed between us that the afternoons were to be mine. When you were my companion I never encroached upon the time which was considered your own."

"Well, you have had an hour to write your letter—surely that is enough!"

"No—it is not. Another thing is"—Joan hesitated, and the color rose in her cheeks—"you may think me a coward, but I dislike walking through the wood alone, especially late in the afternoon. It gets as dark as night there after four o'clock!"

Esther burst out laughing.

"Really, Joan," she cried, "I had no idea you were such a baby! I would come with you myself, only I feel as though I were on the eve of a cold, and I don't wish to go to Field Royal to-morrow with streaming eyes and a red nose. I shouldn't mind walking to the village alone, and you wouldn't hesitate to send me, if our positions were reversed."

"Oh, very well; give me your instructions and I will start at once!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LABOR AND WAIT.—Honest, upright, and fearless conduct must needs have admirers, though many people are unable to perceive actual merit, because they live and move in a misty atmosphere of prejudice. No young man ought to be cast down because one or more of his acquaintances are inclined to reject him and underrate his merits. The time is sure to come when modest worth will meet the reward which is its due, and when long-continued and patient aspirations will be gratified. If a young man is disliked and neglected by those from whom he ought to expect the best of treatment, let him remark that they are but one, or two, or three out of the millions of humanity. While there is life there is hope; and those who habitually ill-treat others may be forced to solicit favors from the hands of those upon whom they have spent their superciliousness.

Bric-a-Brac.

SEEKS AN BURDEN BEARERS.—In the northern parts of India sheep are made to serve as beasts of burden. The mountain paths among the foothills of the Himalaya are so precipitious that the sheep, more sure-footed than larger beasts, are preferred as burden carriers.

ALMOST COLLAPSED.—Rollo's oak, near Rouen, the tree on which the first Duke of Normandy, 1000 years ago, is said to have hung up his gold chain as a token of the good order to which he had brought his province, seemed likely to collapse lately. To save it, a solid core of masonry was built in the interior of the hollow trunk!

SYMBOLS OF TRADE.—In Scotland it was for a long time usual to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Especially was this the case at Dunblane, where, in the burial ground of the abbey, it has been found that of those tombstones which are from 100 to 200 years old about one fourth are thus marked, the symbols being in low relief.

A GOOD MEAL.—Commenting on the amount which a spider actually consumed during 24 hours Sir R. J. Lubbock says: "At a similar rate of consumption a man weighing 160 pounds will require a whole fat steer for breakfast, a steer and five sheep for dinner and for supper two bullocks, eight sheep and four hogs, and just before retiring nearly four barrels of fresh fish."

POLAR BEARS.—For many years furriers have noticed that all the skins of polar bears which they have received have been mutilated by the loss of the nose. A Parisian furrier has discovered that this is the result of a superstitious belief prevalent among the Esquimaux that whenever a polar bear is killed his nose must be cut off and thrown upon the ice, or bad luck will follow the hunter.

WHY WE ARE RIGHT-HANDED.—A professor who has made a study of children says he has discovered why the majority of people are right-handed. Infants use both hands until they begin to speak. The motor speech function controls the [illegible] the first right-handed motions are expressive motions, tending to help out speech. As speech grows so does right-handedness.

A CLEVER SCHEME.—A Portland business man has hit on a scheme for being awakened in the morning, which, he declares, beats any alarm clock ever invented. He has his telephone in his bed room, and each night, when about to retire, he calls up the central office and requests the operator to call him up at a certain hour in order to find if the "phone" works properly. Promptly at that hour the bell rings and he is awakened with despatch.

WISE OYSTERS.—In a publication issued about 1802, in England, entitled "The Beauties of England and Wales," we are informed that a fisherman observed a lobster attempt to get at an oyster several times, but as soon as the former approached the oyster shut his shell. At length the lobster, having waited with great attention till the oyster opened again, made shift to throw a stone between the gaping shells, then spring upon his prey and devour it.

AN INTERESTING TOY.—The "spectrum top" is one of the most interesting scientific toys of recent invention, and no doubt it is destined to prove one of the most important. It has only black and white markings, but when it is revolved rapidly it presents all the colors of the rainbow as they are seen in the Newtonian spectrum. Mr. Benham, the inventor of the top, thinks this is due to "fatigue of the eye," and that it has nothing to do with the wave theory of light, but it may lead to important modifications of accepted ideas of the relations between light as mere motion and the eye as its interpreter.

TO PLEASE THE EYE.—Here are some of the paradoxes of architecture. If a column which supports an entablature is perfectly straight, it appears to lean forward; therefore the architect makes it lean inward. The perfectly level edge of a roof appears to drop about the middle; therefore it must be raised slightly at that point. A tapering monument with straight sides appears to be concave, therefore the sides are swelled a trifle. Corners are made to look square by being in truth a little broader angled. Architects discovered, ages ago, that the human eye was prone to deceive, and they have humored it ever since.

GOOD-BYE.

BY F. D.

Once 'twas summer warm and sweet—
Good-bye!
Love, he coursed with panther-feet:
Then came jealousy so fleet;
Lo, between came rain and sleet—
Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!

I do not know what changed my heart—
Good-bye!
We were so bitter far apart,
Between us toiled a boisterous mart,
Scorn pierced me with a poison-dart—
Good bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!

Nay, kiss me ere you turn away—
Good bye!
My heart broke on that ruined day,
When I found love had turned to clay,
I curse the cruel gods that slay—
Good bye! Good bye! Good-bye!

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued).

ROBSON stared aghast as they carried the lifeless form up the stairs, and Lady Fanny—perhaps because she was the innocent cause of the disaster—sank into a chair and wept. But Felicia Damerel neither cried nor trembled. She waited in the sitting-room while Robson undressed his master and the doctor made his examination, and stood, apparently quite calm, as he came to her to report.

"Concussion of the brain," he said.

"Is he dangerously—will he—oh, I do not know what to do!" moaned Lady Fanny. "It was all my fault! That beastly horse!"

"Yes. It is a bad case," said the doctor. "Are you relatives of his?"

Lady Fanny shook her head.

"No," said Felicia; "but friends, old friends. I will do anything, everything you want."

The doctor looked at her with the keen professional glance.

"Very well," he said. "My name is Hill—Dr. Charcot Hill. You can send for his [illegible] tells me he hasn't one. You had better come to him, Miss—Damerel. Thank you—and perhaps the other lady will take your brougham, and go to St. Thomas's Hospital and bring a nurse. Mention my name, and state the case."

Grateful for the errand, Lady Fanny departed, and Felicia followed the doctor into the bed-room.

Bernard lay on the bed as he had lain in the road—to all appearances, lifeless, dead; and a shudder ran through her as she raised her eyes questioningly to the doctor's.

"No, no," he said, "He is unconscious—not dead. You are not frightened? If so, you had better go away again Miss Damerel."

She took off her hat and jacket, and dropped them on a chair, and looked at him.

"I am not frightened," she said. "I will do anything you want. I am an old friend."

"Good," he said. "Send the man for some ice. Pull down the blind. Now, please, wire for his nearest relatives—his father, mother, wife."

She winced at the last word; it recalled Eden row and all she had heard there. She went into the next room and wrote a guarded telegram to Sir Terence, and dispatched it by one of the servants of the house; then returned to the sick-room, and, with a steady hand and calm face that gave no indication of the quickly beating heart, carried out the doctor's terse instructions.

Lady Fanny returned with the nurse, and reluctantly Felicia yielded her place to her; but the doctor found her waiting in the sitting-room when he entered it an hour later.

"Just the same—still unconscious," he said in answer to her mute inquiry. "He was struck twice on the worst possible part of the head. No, I don't think he will die," he added, as her face went white, and the terror shone in her eyes. "He is very strong; I never saw a finer man; but he will have a bad time. Hadn't you better go home, Miss Damerel? You have had a trying time."

"No," she said, "I will wait." And when Sir Terence arrived she was there to receive him.

"My boy!" he said brokenly. "Tell me the truth!"

He was white and haggard with suspense; and as he stood before her, his hand went to his heart.

"And you have stayed beside him!" he said, with the tears in his eyes, when she told him the story. "God bless you, my dear! God bless you!"

The night passed. Felicia still remained.

"Is there any reason why I should not stay and—and help?" she asked Sir Terence, who paced up and down the room, or, sunk in an armchair, hid his face in his hands. "Please let me. I—I shall be very grateful. I know the nurse can do everything, but—but, if I might only stay!"

Sir Terence looked at her steadily.

"Yes, stay, my dear," he said.

Her devotion to "his boy" touched him to the quick.

The night passed, and the next day and the next, and still Bernard lay as if dead. But the doctor did not seem to despair, though chills of dread ran through the hearts of Sir Terence and Felicia.

"He may remain unconscious for some time—for days," said the doctor, gazing down at the white, motionless face thoughtfully. "There is a case on record—I daresay you remember it, Sir Terence—of a young man who was thrown out of his dog cart and struck his head against a lamp-post. He was unconscious, completely so, for six weeks. He recovered, and is hale and hearty now."

Sir Terence groaned.

"My poor boy, my Bernard!" he murmured.

Felicia heard the doctor's words, and softly went out and sank into a chair in the sitting-room.

The terrible strain which the accident and suspense had caused had relaxed, and her woman's wit was at work. Fate had thrown Bernard into her hands. Could she not keep him, keep him for ever? surely this strange turn of the wheel should be to her advantage?

For the next two days, as she stood beside the bed, sometimes holding Bernard's hand—the hand unconscious of her loving pressure—or placing the bandages on his burning forehead, her brain was at work.

No tidings, no message had come from the girl, wherever she was. Was it possible she did not know who Bernard was, or where he lived? If she were [illegible] they were really [illegible] would be told her. She would have been here to [illegible] quire for him.

All through the silent night watches she thought and planned. Fate had befriended her—had separated Bernard from this girl, with whom he had been infatuated. Could she not separate them completely?

On the sixth day, while her brain was hard at work forming and rejecting schemes, the doctor came to her.

"There is an improvement," he said, "It is slight, though unmistakable. He may recover consciousness at any time."

"Then there is no time to lose," she said, uttering her thought aloud.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with grave surprise.

She colored slightly.

"I—I mean that perhaps it would be as well if he were not to see me when he comes to," she faltered.

The doctor nodded.

"You are always thoughtful, Miss Damerel," he said. "You would make an excellent nurse."

"I will go away for a few hours," she said. "Perhaps when I come back he may ask for me, if—if you tell him I have been here."

The doctor nodded, and returned to the sick room. Felicia got up from her chair and looked round. A photograph of Bernard—a carte de-visite—stood on a side table. She took it—hiding the empty frame behind a cabinet—and put it in her pocket, and, leaving the house, had herself driven to Waterloo.

An irresistible desire to find Nance Grey—the girl who had lured him from her—had got possession of her, and one of the schemes which she had formed still lingered in her brain. It was but a nebulous idea; she would have to act as circumstances dictated. But to act she was resolved. Fate—Providence—had cast the man she loved into her hands, and she would keep him if she could.

She reach Long Ditton, and inquired for Myrtle Cottage. What she should say when she found it, and found herself face to face with Nance Grey, she knew not, and her heart beat thickly as she saw the slim graceful figure, the sweet face of Nance herself coming down the path.

CHAPTER XXI.

"YES, I am Miss Grey," Nance said, and as she spoke the color rose to her pale face, and her eyes drooped. She remembered the proud beauty quite well, but was conscious of a faint surprise that the haughty Miss Damerel should remember her, and that she should address her in such a friendly tone.

"How strange that I should meet you here, Miss Grey!" said Felicia, with a smile; but her dark eyes scanned Nance's face keenly.

Yes, the girl was pretty—more, beautiful, with a rare loveliness that made one think of the Spring and Spring flowers. And she was changed, too. There was a subtle difference, more easily felt than described, in the elegantly, though plainly, dressed girl and the Miss Grey who had arranged the lace round Felicia's frock some months ago.

It was true that she had looked singularly refined then, but the refinement in face and figure and manner was even more marked now. "She looks a lady!" thought Felicia; "actually a lady!"

Was it Bernard's love and care that had wrought the change? A pang of jealousy shot through her even in the moment of her relief at the "I am Miss Grey." There was no wedding ring on the girl's finger. Felicia's heart leapt exultantly. They were not married, then!"

"How very strange!" she went on smilingly, and in her friendliest way. "I came down here, quite on the spur of the moment, to see a friend. It was such a lovely day, and I pined for the country! But she is away, and the house is let, and I was told that perhaps I could get a cup of tea at this cottage. I did not like to go to the hotel, as I am alone. Do you live here?"

Nance was silent for a moment. She longed with an intense longing for this beautiful woman to go on her way and leave her at her peace. But what could she say in answer to the question?

"Yes," she said. "Will you come in?"

"Oh, thank you," said Felicia. "I shall be very glad to rest for a little while. It is so hot, isn't it?"

She followed Nance into the little sitting room, and, without appearing to do so, looked round searchingly. She noticed the air of refinement, the books, Nance's lace pillow, and Bernard's pipe on the mantelshelf.

"I will get you some tea," said Nance.

"O[illegible]

"Ho[illegible]

lived in the country," she went on. "I had an idea you lived in London."

"I did. I have not been long—a month," said Nance.

"What a pretty place Long Ditton is!" said Felicia; "and what a charming cottage you have! Are you living with your mother—your family?"

"No," said Nance, in a low voice. "My mother is dead. I——"

At the moment the door opened, and Mrs. Johnson entered.

"Did you ring, Mrs. Bernard?" she said.

The color stained Nance's face.

"Yes," she said. "Will you send in some tea, please?"

Felicia waited until the door closed again; then she said, with an air of surprise and apology—

"'Mrs. Bernard!' You are married, then? I did not know——"

The blood burnt in all Nance's veins.

"It—it is not known," she said, almost inaudibly.

"I see! I understand!" said Felicia, and she laughed softly. "A runaway, secret marriage! How delightfully romantic! I quite envy you! Everything and everybody is so prosaic and so commonplace in these days. I hope you are happy! But one need not ask. One has only to look at you."

"I—I am quite happy," murmured Nance in a low voice.

"And your husband's name is Bernard? What did that woman call you? Bernard?" asked Felicia, drawing off her long gloves and leaning back with graceful ease and friendliness.

"Yes; Bernard," replied Nance with downcast eyes.

"Bernard! How strange!" murmured Felicia as if to herself.

Nance did not ask her why it was strange, and sat silent until Mr. Johnson came in with the tea. Her hands shook as she poured out a cup, and got up to carry it to Miss Damerel.

"Oh, thanks; please don't get up. How glad I am to get it! And so you are married. And now I suppose you have given up the lace making, though I see you still keep the cushion, pillow, or whatever it is. I suppose you only keep it as a memento of old times?"

Nance was about to answer in the affirmative, then something caused her to change her mind. An impulse rather than a thought, that perhaps—perhaps she would need to work again.

"N-o," she said. "I—I shall still work."

"Oh, I am glad to hear that. I can't tell you how glad," said Felicia. "I don't know anyone who makes lace as well as you do. Bowden—you remember my maid?—swears by you, Miss Grey. I beg your pardon, I mean Mrs. Bernard."

Nance averted her face.

"She is very kind," she said.

"Yes, I am very glad, and I hope you will make some for me. I want quite a lot"—she looked down with feigned shyness—"for I am going to be married."

Nance looked up.

"Yes?" she said simply.

"But not yet, of course," said Felicia. "May I have another cup? Don't get up; I will bring my cup to you." She rose with languid grace and stood by the table, scanning Nance's face, hands, dress, as she poured out the tea; and the keen eyes did not fail to notice the tremor of the hands. "Of course I could not be yet, for some months at any rate. You have heard of Lady Winshire's death, Mrs. Bernard?"

"No," said Nance. "I am very sorry."

Felicia sighed, "Yes; she met with an accident. It was terrible." She put her lace edged handkerchief to her eyes for a moment. "That is why your account has not been paid. It got overlooked in the confusion——" She watched Nance over the handkerchief. Had Bernard been to Eden-row and learnt of her visit

"It does not matter," said Nance, and Felicia drew a breath of relief. "It does not matter in the least."

"It is very kind of you to say so. I will see that it is sent to you. But about the lace. Do you think you could make me some for an evening dress of black grenadine? Afterwards I shall want some white lace of various kinds; oh, quite a large quantity."

Nance hesitated.

"I—I don't know," she answered; and, indeed, she did not know what to say. Her head ached, her eyes burned with the [illegible] Damerel's [illegible]

[illegible]ally.

"I—I will send you word; I will write—"

"Oh, I hope you will be able to," said Felicia. "I suppose you have a great deal of time? Your husband—is he away all day, at business?"

She put the question in a tone of affable patronage and kindly interest, and Nance inclined her head half-mechanically.

"Yes? So I supposed. You must find it rather dull while he's away; your work would amuse you." She paused, and looked round the room with a sigh. "How happy you must be? I am sure you have married a good—a nice—man, though they say that there are no good men now; that they're all alike—selfish and ignoble. What is it the man says in the play they are all raving about? 'Men are all monsters; the only thing for women to do is to feed them'——'

Nance made no remark, but sat with downcast eyes, and ears on the listen for the beloved step, for which she had waited in vain so many weary days.

Felicia looked at her with covert watchfulness.

"Of course, it is difficult for men to be good in these times," she went on with a sigh. "At the best they are—well, bad enough; but I think it is foolish to be too hard on men, to expect too much. One has to make allowance. All I ask is that there shall be full confidence; one has a right to know the worst before one marries, and that the man's past life is really past and done with. Don't you agree with me?"

Nance looked up with something like a start. She had scarcely been listening.

"No—Yes," she faltered.

"Yes," continued Felicia. "We have a right to demand that, and I suppose if we do insist upon their making a clean breast of it, we shall all hear something like the same story. I myself have had a narrow escape from ship-wreck." She paused and sighed, as if inviting a question from Nance, but Nance said nothing.

"I really don't know why I tell you this," said Felicia, drawing on her glove, and gazing at it pensively. "I think it must be because you are just married, and—you have such a sympathetic kind of face, Miss Grey—I mean Mrs. Bernard."

Nance winced, as she had winced at

every repetition of the name, and Felicia gloated over the little gesture of pain and embarrassment.

"Yes, my story nearly ended unhappily," she said. "The gentleman I was going to marry is very popular. He is very handsome," she smiled. "But I suppose we all think the man we love handsome, do we not? But he is really very good-looking—I don't think I know a handsomer man; and, of course—well, beauty is as much a fatal gift for men as it is for women; don't you think so?"

Nance murmured "Yes" vaguely, wondering why this woman of the world, who, a few weeks since, had treated her as if she were dirt, should talk to her in this fashion.

"I knew that he cared for me, long—oh! a long while ago. Once he nearly told me so, and nearly asked me to marry him, but he stopped suddenly as if he had remembered something; and I wondered what it was that had come across his mind—what it was that had come between us. Of course it made me very wretched, and I tried to forget him, to put him outside my heart, my life; but you know—you who have loved, and are happily married now—how impossible it is to do that. I don't think a woman ever really ceases to love the man of her choice, do you?"

"No," said Nance. She heard a step, and looked up with feverish eagerness and anxiety; but the step passed, and her head dropped again.

"I was always fond of him, and I thought my heart would break when he left me without the word I longed to hear spoken. I knew something had come between us; and when he came back to me I told him, and asked him to tell me what it was, to tell me the whole truth; and I said it should make no difference if he would tell me the truth. And he told me." She paused.

Nance absently set the teacups straight upon the tray. Would she never go?

"It was a woman, of course," Felicia went on in a lower voice, "a girl of the lower orders. She was pretty, awfully pretty; he told me so himself; and I was glad, rather than sorry, to hear it; for, you know, it was some sort of excuse for him; you understand that, Miss Grey—Mrs. Bernard? A girl he had met by chance—do meet women of

[illegible] and he [illegible] and I think—I am afraid—he was very much taken with her, for he admitted that she was very beautiful, and he talked, oh! as if it were all his fault. He even went so far as to say he felt ashamed of himself."

She laughed softly, and leant back, with a faint sneer upon her lips.

"Men are so simple! They think every pretty woman is as innocent as she looks, and believe every word she says. We know better, do we not?"

Nance looked at her vaguely, hoping that she had finished the strange confidence; but Felicia went on.

"However, whichever was to blame, they went off together; yes, actually! and I daresay, I am afraid, he would have been so foolish as to let her beguile him into marrying her. But, you see, it was me he really loved, fortunately for both of us; and after a time, when he grew tired of her, I suppose, he came back to me. But," she added, "I don't think he really would have come back if it had not been that he had almost asked me to be his wife. He is the soul of honor, and though his fancy for the girl had lulled that honor to sleep, it awoke when her charm began to lose its hold upon him."

"He—left her?" said Nance absently, feeling that she was expected to say something.

"Yes—oh, yes. It is all past and done with. He came to me—let me see, when was it? Oh! five days ago—and told me everything; so I forgave him. Nearly every man has a past, you know. And now we are quite happy, with no ugly secrets to conceal. Of course, he will compensate the girl for her disappointment. He—well, I might say we, for I am rich now, you know; Lady Winshire left me all her money—we are going to make her an allowance, quite a nice sum, paid regularly, so that she will be quite content and comfortable."

The color rose to Nance's face. She had got the "gist" of the story by this time, and every word—every cruel word—jarred on her.

"Will she be content?" she could not help saying, with a half concealed bitterness.

"Oh, yes," rejoined Felicia Damerel, with a smile; "it is more than she has any right to expect, more than she deserves. Why, only think, Mrs. Bernard, she might have induced him to marry her, and so ruin his life—to say nothing of mine!"

"Yes; she might have done that," said Nance, almost inaudibly.

"Yes; and, of course, it would have ruined him. A man always 'goes under,' and for ever when he makes such an awful mistake. It is a blunder which can never be repaired. You can live out most things, but not—not such a marriage as that would have been. Poor fellow! He would have died of shame after a few months, when the illusion was over, and he realized what he had done."

"He would have died of shame," echoed Nance in a dull voice.

Surely the woman would go now, now that she had told her story—the shameful story!—so fully. She sighed with relief as Felicia rose.

"Well, I must be going, Mrs. Bernard," she said. "I am going back by the train. Thank you so much for the cup of tea and the rest. It was so strange meeting with you here! And about the lace? Do you know, I should feel so much more at ease if you would consent to take the order definitely? By the bye, Lady Winshire did not pay you for the last, did she?"

Nance shook her head.

Felicia took out some notes and laid them on the table.

Nance looked at them apathetically.

"I have no change. This is too much," she said, with faint surprise.

Felicia Damerel smiled.

"It won't be too much when you have done what I want," she said. "Please let me pay you in advance! Please do! I shall feel then that you will be obliged to work for me, and I really want the lace so badly."

"There is no need for that," said Nance in her quiet, sweetly dignified manner. "I do not know—I have not said that I can do it."

"Oh, but you must, you really must. Ask your husband to let you. I am sure he will. I wish he were at home, that I might ask him myself. I am sure he would not refuse if he is nice, and I am convinced that he must be nice, or you would have not married him.

Nance's lips trembled, and she stood, [illegible] one hand pressing the table, incapable of speech.

Felicia, with pleasant, if languid, interest.

"No," said Nance.

And the word dropped like ice from her lips.

"No? How strange! I should have thought you would have had. But some men hate being photographed, don't they? You must persuade him to have one taken. You can tell him," she laughed, "that I asked to see a portrait of him. By the way"—she held out her hand—"it's rather a singular coincidence, but your husband's surname is one of the Christian names of the gentleman I am going to marry."

"Yes?" said Nance, just touching the daintily-gloved hand, and moving towards the door to open it.

"Yes, 'Bernard.' I wonder whether you would think him good-looking; women's tastes differ so. I will show you his portrait. You see, he does not mind being photographed."

She took from her pocket one of the costly little cases of leather and gold which it is now the fashion for women to carry about with them—a card case and pocket-book combined, with the initials "F. D." embossed on the upper side.

"I always carry it about with me," she said, with a soft laugh. "I am very fond of him, you see. There it is. It is a good likeness, but it does not flatter him in the very least, as you would say if you saw him. Take it to the light."

Nance took the case and went to the window with it, and Felicia Damerel sauntered to the fireplace and watched her in the looking-glass over the mantelpiece.

Nance opened the case with a kind of impatient indifference. A small photograph was let in the inside.

For a moment she gazed at it, thinking that she had gone mad, that she was the victim of a strange and hideous hallucination; for the face that was enshrined in Miss Damerel's dainty pocket-case was that of "Cyril Bernard."

The case nearly fell from her hand, but she clutched it and stared at it through the mist that had suddenly sprung up between it and her eyes. Then the mist cleared, and she looked again and saw plainly, distinctly, that the face was his.

The room seemed to spin round, something seemed clutching at her throat—at her heart. Was she going to faint—die?

She uttered no cry; she could not have done so if her life had depended on it. She could only stand, feeling the floor rock under her, and gaze at the face of the man she loved—the man whom this proud, haughty woman had declared she was going to marry.

It was Cyril—her Cyril!—that the woman had been talking about. All the color faded from her face, her lips; her eyes distended with a wild horror, her heart contracted with a spasm of agony. Oh, she must be dreaming—dreaming! Yes, that was what it was. She had fallen asleep while waiting and watching for Cyril, and this awful dream had fallen upon her. Oh, if she could only wake! She must wake, or go mad.

Felicia Damerel watched her through the glass, and her own face was pale under the stress and strain of the moment. Would the girl never speak? Was she going to faint and make a scene?"

"Well," she said, and her own voice of affected amiability sounded false and strained in her own ears. "Well, do you think him good looking?"

Nance remained motionless for a moment; then, without turning, she held out the case.

"Yes," she said hoarsely.

Felicia took the case and slipped it into her pocket.

"I thought you would," she said. "You can understand that girl's infatuation, poor thing! and—and how it is I can forgive him. After all, he is no worse than other men. They are all alike. And the girl shall be well provided for. Good-bye, Mrs Bernard. Please do not disappoint me in the matter of the lace."

She moved to the door, but as her hand touched the handle, Nance's voice stopped her.

"Wait," she said hoarsely, and with difficulty.

The word, short as it was, seemed to choke her. She pointed to the notes that lay on the table.

"Take—take them!"

Felicia affected not to look at her, smiled, and shook her head.

"No, but really, I would rather——"

"Take them!" repeated Nance, with still extended trembling hand.

Something in the face, white as a marble statue's in the violet eyes distended by agony, and yet aglow with the dignity of

She took up the notes, and her hand, also, shook.

"As you please," she said. "You will write, will you not? Good-bye."

The door closed behind her, but for a moment Nance still stood pointing to the table where the notes had lain; then, without a cry, she fell face downwards on the floor.

Nance came to by herself, for Mrs. Johnson had not heard her fall, and did not enter the room.

At first she thought that Felicia Damerel's visit and terrible tidings were the imaginings of a dream, but presently the perfume which Felicia used, and which hung faintly about in the air, forced her to realize the truth.

She staggered up to her room, and dropped on her knees beside the bed, her arms thrown out before her.

It was true! The man whom she loved with all her heart and soul, on whose honor she had staked more than life itself, had deserted her.

Cyril had ceased to love her. Unconsciously her lips formed the words in a dull, mechanical fashion, as one repeats some phrase of import so awful as to be almost incredible. Ceased to love her. Had he ever loved her, really loved her—really loved her? Miss Damer had said that he had loved her for some time past, and had only been turned away by a passing fancy. A passing fancy! At the thought Nance clasped her hands and moaned.

Not for a moment did a suspicion of the truth of Felicia Damerel's story arise in her mind. The evidence seemed so complete; there was no mistaking the photograph. Had Nance possessed one tenth of the guile with which Felicia Damerel was endowed, she would have seen the weak points in the story; but in her innocence Bernard's unexplained absence and unbroken silence, and the photograph, stamped Felicia's story with the hall mark of truth. Yes, the man for whom she had made the supreme sacrifice had ceased to love her, if he ever loved her at all, and had left her!

There was no anger, no bitterness against him in her heart. If he had killed her, she would have loved him with her latest breath. Indeed, in her misery and humiliation she accepted the blow as if it were a punishment she had fully deserved.

But, though we may admit the justice of retribution, it hurts just as badly, and Nance, in her mortal agony, sent up the prayer which so many in a like strait have breathed—the prayer for death.

But heaven, fortunately for us, does not often grant that prayer; and Nance knew that she should not die; that probably years of life—a long span of dreary remorse and aching sorrow—stretched before her.

Bernard had said that she was brave, and after a time, when the darkness closed in upon the silent room, she rose from her knees and tried to face her trouble.

The strength of her love gave her strength to bear her wound, mortal though it seemed. Her lover, whom she had worshipped as a god almost, had wearied of her and cast her aside—had left her for a woman of his own rank, one of the beautiful, refined women whom she herself had told him he should marry.

Well, he had taken her at her word. He had accepted her sacrifice—had followed her advice. She must bear it, and would bear it without complaining.

But life was over for her. Felicia Damerel had slain all that was precious in life with that soft, indolent voice of hers. She must go on existing without hope, with remorse for her constant companion, and so must wait for "the sweet death that will not hasten at man's bidding."

Faint and ill as she was, she faced the situation. There is a fictitious strength in despair which will nerve us to action even when the necessity for action seems destroyed; and Nance, white and shivering, looked round the room, and asked herself what she should do.

Even that glance caused her fresh agony, for wherever her eyes rested, they fell upon something that reminded her of Bernard. Mechanically she picked up a coat, which he had thrown upon a chair—he was the most untidy of men; a cap, which he had tossed on to the table; and as she touched the things he had worn she fell to trembling as if with an ague, and fortunately for her, the tears that seemed to have been scorching her brain, welled from her eyes. The fit of weeping, though brief, saved her brain fever. She lay awake all the night, and living over again the short span of happiness which her love had brought her; and every little instance,

And yet she knew that if it were possible for her to re live the past, if the chance were given her, she would repeat the sacrifice of self, that she would accept the poet's dictum that "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Let Fate have what misery it might in store for her, she had been happy, had tasted of that rare joy which the gods vouchsafe to men.

Out of the mist of her sorrow and grief grew a decision and a resolution. Most women, more delicately nurtured than Nance, would have given way to hysterics and hopeless repining; but Nance had been reared in a hard school, and her experience of trouble came to her aid.

She must leave the cottage. Must go away and hide herself at once. She must never see Cyril again. Though it was not probable that he would seek to see her. If there had ever been the least spark of love for her in his heart, he could not endure to see her agony. But she must not chance it, must not wait until someone came with the offer of money. Money! For an instant the pallor of her face gave place to a burning red. Felicia Damerel—the woman whom he was going to marry—had spoken of compensation, of a liberal income. Oh, how little he had known her, that he should deem her capable of taking a penny from him, though that penny were to save her from starvation!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STREET SIGNALS.—An apparatus for street signalling has been invented by the chief of the Glasgow Fire Brigade, and is about to be extensively adopted in the streets of Glasgow. The apparatus consists of a post to be fixed at the curb of the pavement; upon the post is a box containing a telephone. The box is locked, but keys are to be liberally supplied to citizens who may apply for them. The keys will be numbered, and once introduced into the lock cannot be withdrawn by the possessor, so that false alarms will be rendered almost impossible. The telephone will be in connection with the district and central police offices, and may be used in case of fire, robbery, riot, or other emergency. A signal for use by day or night in order to attract the attention of policemen in the neighborhood is fitted on top of the box.

ROYAL TRUTH.

True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by;
For whate'er men say in blindness,
And spite of fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

A Violinist.

BY M. M. P.

"1721, it is a genuine Stradivarius, of the best period—1710," said my friend and host, Lord Danescourt, as he lifted the violin from its case tenderly, as if it had been a sentient thing, and drew his bow across the strings with the touch of a master.

Nature had intended Danescourt for a great artist, but, as he said himself, "fortune had thwarted her plan by making him a mere Earl."

"Many a happy moment I owe to this old fiddle," he went on, patting it affectionately, "and one very mauvais quart d'heure—whereby hangs a tale. You want to hear it? all right, it is short enough to be told before the dressing bell rings."

He pushed the cigar-stand towards me, and began:—

Fifteen years ago I spent two pleasant autumn months rambling on foot through the highways and byways of the Apennines, with no luggage but a knapsack, and no companion but my violin.

What strange places I visited, what strange people I met, what scenes of unexplored loveliness were revealed to me in those mountain solitudes, I have no time to tell.

I must come at once to a certain October evening, when, just after sunset, I was toiling up the steep ascent to the little hillside town of San' Benedetto, where I was to pass the night.

A town it called itself, but it was in fact little more than a village; its one long street of grey, sundried stone houses straggling up the hill; which was crowned by a ruined citadel.

Its only inn—"The Albergo d'Italia, kept by Leone Rosso"—stood at the end of the dwelling.

In front was a strip of parched and dusty turf, while at the back the ground sloped steeply down to the bed of a mountain stream.

The house, with its deepest windows barred like a prison, its low-browed arched doorway, and its general air of neglect and decay, was as ill-favored a habitation as I had ever beheld.

Nor did its owner's physiognomy please me much better, if it were indeed the landlord who lounged in the doorway with his hands in his pockets. A short, thickset, powerfully built man of middle age, with a heavy jaw, and eyes at once fierce and sullen.

However, as it was a case of Hobson's choice, there being no other hostelries in the place but small wine shops, I approached and addressed him: "Can I have a bed for the night, here?"

He looked me over at his leisure before replying, taking a disparaging survey of my person and accoutrements, from my dusty boots and battered felt hat, to my well-worn knapsack and violin case.

"I suppose so," he answered, grudgingly, and drew back to allow me to enter.

The large dimly-lit apartment in which I found myself, seemed to do duty for kitchen, cafe and restaurant combined. Its only occupants were a wizened, witch-like old woman, evidently my host's mother, and an untidy servant girl, who were engaged together in some mysterious cooking operations, which gave forth an ambrosial odor of garlic and fried fat.

The master said a few words in an undertone to his mother, who, having favored me with a stare and a nod over her shoulder, resumed her occupation, while her son flung himself on to a low seat near the hearth, and produced his pipe.

"Will you kindly show me my room, and let me have supper?" I said, finding that no one took any further notice of me.

"The supper is ready, but the room is not," the old woman rejoined tartly. "Ludovico will arrange it presently."

"Meantime, where can I wash my hands?" I inquired, unfastening my knapsack. She looked at me with a sour smile.

"The signore is English, evidently," she remarked, as if that accounted for the eccentricity of such a request, and raising her voice, called, shrilly—"Tonio!"

Ever since I entered the house, I had heard from an inner room the faint notes of a violin; a primitive instrument, evidently, and touched by an untutored hand, which yet was skilful enough to extract from it some tones of plaintive and penetrating sweetness.

As the music still continued, she repeated the call, and her son echoed it roughly, with the accompaniment of an oath.

The melody broke off abruptly, and a boy emerged from the inner door, a slender fragile looking lad of fifteen, with a delicate sensitive face, and great dark eyes which had the pathetic appealing look of an ill-used animal.

"Stop that cursed caterwauling, and come when you are called," the man said, harshly. "I shall break that fiddle over your head some day. The signore wants water to wash his hands. Fetch it."

The lad promptly obeyed, and I performed my summary ablutions at a corner of the long kitchen dresser.

"So it was you who were playing so sweetly just now?" I said, smiling at him as I dried my hands. "I need not ask if you are fond of music?"

"I love it," he murmured, "but I can't play; I never learnt. The signore is a musician?" he added wistfully, noticing my violin case. I nodded.

"Would you like to try my violin?" I asked. "Play to me while I am at supper—I like to hear you."

He glanced timidly at the master, who grunted, but made no objection, and retreating to the furthest corner of the room, took out the instrument with infinite care and lightly drew the bow across the strings. I was watching his face, and as the first clear mellow note rang out, I saw a sudden light flash over it.

"Oh—!" he gasped, and stopped short, looking at me in a sort of rapturous surprise.

"Rather a different tone to yours, isn't it?" I said smiling. "Don't be afraid of it. Play!"

The lad needed no second telling. He was soon lost to himself and his surroundings, pouring out his whole heart in a strange wild improvisation. Never, before or since, have I heard a performance like that. [illegible] became articulate; a martyred soul, repressed and blighted by its uncongenial environment.

Absorbed in listening, I forgot to eat, and when at last the music ceased, my eyes were wet with tears. I turned to the master of the house, who sat, stolid and unmoved, puffing at his pipe.

"That boy is a born musician," I said, emphatically; "if he has proper instruction he may——"

"Get his living by fiddling at fairs," he put in, with a rude laugh. "Mille grazie! We have had one ne'er-do-well in the family—his father; and that is quite enough."

Tonio looked up quickly. "My father was not—" he began.

"Your father was a spendthrift and a ne'er-do-well," his uncle repeated; "who died a pauper, and left his only son to live on charity."

The lad flushed to the roots of his dark hair.

"If my father was a 'spendthrift,'" he retorted fearlessly, "it is not for you to reproach him. You had your share of his money while it lasted, and when it was gone, you turned him out to die like a dog. As to my living on charity," he pursued bitterly, "Heaven knows I work hard enough for the bread I eat, and the roof that covers me. No hired servant would submit to the insult and ill-usage which you——"

"Will you be silent—maladetto!" Rosso interrupted savagely, and starting from his seat, he lifted his hand to strike him.

It was fortunate that I interposed in time, for the blow which fell on my arm was heavy enough to have broken that for which it was intended.

The look of passionate gratitude the boy gave me I shall not soon forget.

"Oh, signore!" he faltered, "you are hurt—and for me!"

I silenced him by a gesture.

"Come, we must have no quarrelling," I said. "Give us some more music, my boy to restore harmony."

He shook his head.

"I can play no more to-night, the music is gone out of me," he answered sadly, as he restored the violin to its case. "I thank you a hundred times, signore, for the pleasure you have given me. I understand now," he added quaintly, "why the old painters make the angels play the violin. Such a one as this is indeed a worthy to make music in heaven. I suppose—" he hesitated "I suppose it cost a great deal of money?"

"That is a Stradivarius; it cost eight hundred pounds—twenty thousand lire."

Rosso paused in the act of filling his pipe, and looked round at me incredulously.

"Twety thousand lire for a fiddle!"

"Si, si!" the boy asserted eagerly. "I have heard that violins by that maker cost a fortune now. He died nearly two hundred years ago, and no one can make them as he did. He gave a soul to the wood and strings."

The man looked at me oddly, as he studied tobacco into his pipe.

"Twenty thousand lire!" he muttered, "your excellency must be a millionaire; to spend so much money on a superfluity."

"But the signore is a musician," Tonio answered to me; "his violin is not a superfluity, but a necessary—non e vero, signore?"

I left the question unanswered, and hastened to change the subject. I did not quite relish the turn the conversation had taken, and I liked still less the curious furtive looks my host now cast at me from time to time, as if he were revolving in his mind some new and pregnant idea.

I noticed also that he and the old woman exchanged glances, and once she crossed the hearth to hold a whispered conference with him, which, I could not help seeing, and referred to myself.

I felt vaguely uncomfortable and wished more than once, that I could have found quarters for the night elsewhere.

It was too late to seek them now, however, and as the evening was advanced and I was tired and drowsy, I presently asked to be taken to my room.

Tonio sprang up to light me, but his uncle thrust him aside.

"Carry the knapsack—thou," he said, taking the lamp from his hand, and preceded me up to the staircase, and along an icy-cold, draughty stone corridor to the chamber allotted to me.

It was a large, bleak, inhospitable room, with a tiled floor and frescoed ceiling, containing no furniture but a bed, a washing stand, two chairs, and a table, and no ornaments save a ghastly old picture of the Crucifixion [illegible] window [illegible] ravine at the back of the house. My landlord closed the casement, trimmed the flickering lamp, and dismissing Tonio with a nod, turned to me.

"Your Excellency leaves to morrow?" he said, with a sudden change of manner from rudeness to servility, which struck me as sinister. I assented.

"Your Excellency is travelling quite alone?"

"I am alone now, as you perceive," I answered, shortly, "but I expect to meet friends at Arezzo."

"Arezzo? Ah, Arezzo is a long way off," he remarked, with a peculiar intonation. "The road are rough, and not always safe for lonely travellers."

"I do not travel unarmed," I returned, and taking my revolver from my pocket, I placed it, with ostentatious carelessness, on the table near the window.

"A wise precaution," he rejoined, with an equivocal smile. "Well, I wish you a good night, Excellenza, and pleasant dreams."

He had got as far as the door, when he turned as if recollecting something.

"I forgot to see if the window was properly fastened," he explained, and after fumbling with it for a moment, pronounced all safe, and retired.

I drew a breath of relief when he was gone, then locked the door, and having by a careful survey of the room ascertained that there was no other means of entrance, I felt somewhat reassured.

Resolving, however, to be on the alert, I threw myself, dressed as I was, on the bed, leaving the lamp burning. I had not realized before I lay down how tired I was, so tired that even the sense of possible danger could not long keep me awake. Sleep fell upon me unawares—a deep dreamless sleep which must have lasted several hours.

What woke me? I did not know. I seemed to glide back imperceptibly to consciousness, lingering for a few blissful moments on the dim borderland between sleep and waking.

Drowsily listening, I heard the monotonous murmur of the stream in the ravine below, but it seemed to mingle with another sound within the room—as if someone were lightly touching the strings of a violin close to my ear.

The lamp had burnt out, and the chamber was only dimly lighted by the rising moon. As I stirred and half raised myself, a hand was placed softly on my lips, and a voice murmured:

"Hush, it is I—Tonio! I wanted to wake you gently, that you might not cry out."

"What is it? What has happened?" I whispered.

He put his lips to my ear. "You are in danger. The padrone is plotting to rob, perhaps to murder you. I heard him talking just now to the grandmother. He thinks you are a rich man; he suspects that you have money about you. Besides, there is the violin. In another moment he will be here."

"But the door is locked."

"The door is not locked, or how could I have got in? The lock has been tampered with. And your revolver is gone," he added. "My uncle took it when he returned to fasten the window. Up, quick, signore! Here is your knapsack and violin! There is not a moment to be lost."

"But what can I do?" I questioned. "Unarmed, I am helpless; caught like a rat in a trap!"

"No, there is a way of escape, if you are quick and bold enough. We shall hear him coming along the corridor. You must stand here, close against the wall, and directly he opens the door, make a rush for it. Throw yourself on him and trip him up, if possible, then follow me, and I will see you safe out of the house. If"—he broke off with a start. "He is coming," he breathed; "are you ready?"

"Quite ready," I answered grimly, a pleasant sense of excitement tingling in all my veins.

The boy had taken his stand at my side, and his slender hand—cold, but firm and steady, gripped mine in the darkness.

We stood, with suspended breath, watching the door. Slowly, cautiously, silently, it opened inwards, and Rosso's villainous figure appeared on the threshold.

I was prepared to spring on him the moment he set foot in the room, but quick as I was, Tonio was quicker.

With reckless daring he literally flung himself on the murderous villain who, startled by this unexpected attack, staggered [illegible] balance, and fell [illegible] where he lay [illegible] cried, a [illegible] fallen w[illegible]

Brushing past the old woman who was lurking at the end of the corridor, he led the way down stairs, across the kitchen, and out at a back door.

I have a vague recollection that we hurried through a neglected garden, and down a steep rocky slope to the stony bed of the stream, over which a few planks were thrown. Up the opposite bank we climbed, among rocks and bushes, and finally, to my surprise and relief, found ourselves in the broad high-road, which crossed the ravine by a stone bridge, half a mile lower down. Then, and not till then, we paused to take breath.

Looking back, we could see the inn on the opposite bank, dark and silent.

"You are safe now; he will not dare to follow you," my companion panted; "besides, I believe he is badly hurt."

"He has his deserts," I returned. "But what is to become of you, my boy? You cannot go back to that cut-throat's den."

"I have nowhere else to go," he answered forlornly.

I laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Come with me!" I exclaimed. "You have saved my life, and I will do my best to make yours happy. You shall learn music, and who knows? you may be a great artist, some day."

He clasped his hands, looking up at me as if hardly daring to believe his ears.

"Signore—you do not mean it! You will take me away with you—now, at once?"

"This very moment, if you will come. We will go together to Arezzo, and thence to Rome. You shall turn your back for ever on the old life, and begin a new and happier one. Look, the day is breaking, it is a good omen."

He glanced toward the east, where the "awful rose of dawn" was slowly unfolding. His face, transfigured by that supernatural light, reminded me of one of Fra Angelico's boy angels. Then he turned to me, and—but why should I try to repeat the words in which he poured out his joy and gratitude? I could not do justice to his simple eloquence. It is enough to say that we went on our way together, mutually satisfied with the arrangement, and three days later we were at Florence.

At this point, the dressing bell sounded, and my friend paused.

"But that is not the end of the story?" I exclaimed. "You have not told me what became of your young protege. Did he fulfill your expectations, is he a great artist?"

Danescourt shook his head sadly.

"He would have been had he lived, but —Antonio Cherici was one of those whom the gods love. He has long since been 'making music in heaven.'"

THE DUMB CREATION.

I WAS one of a crowd (writes a contributor) collected round a dog which had been run over by a tradesman's cart, and was surprised at the ease with which a gentleman present put the poor animal "out of its misery." The blow he gave it seemed hardly sufficient to settle a mouse.

"Oh, there is nothing in that," said he, as the writer expressed some astonishment. "I am often called upon to finish animals." And evidently with an eye to business, he produced his card.

"Will I tell you something about my vocation?" responded the veterinary surgeon (for such he proved to be), in reply to a question, a few days later, from the writer—who also had an eye to business. "Most certainly. Of course our difficulty is in keeping animals alive and in good health; despatching them is easily accomplished. I have a large practice among people who keep pets of all kinds, and I am often at my wits' end to know how to deal with the animals, unless I can have them here for a week or so. Dogs especially suffer from over-feeding and want of exercise; and many a one have I 'cured' by just limiting his diet and making him run behind my trap. Cats, on the other hand, seldom suffer from over-feeding.

"A veterinary surgeon's practice is, as a rule, more generally confined to horses and cattle, and in this connection I have frequently been commissioned to buy at sales —a very sensible proceeding on the part of inexperienced purchasers. Mine, however, is a more 'all-round' business, and you would be astonished to see the number of different patients I have to deal with.

"Monkeys and parrots are common enough, but they are not particularly nice for strangers to handle. I had a large grey parrot to operate on the other day. It appeared to have a bone in its throat. I tied its wings and forcing open its beak with a piece of wood, cut the bone in half and removed it. To show its gratitude, as soon as I released its beak, Polly tore a piece of flesh out of my finger.

"I once had a dog brought to my place to cure of drunkenness. He belonged to a well-to-do publican, who prized the dog. The customers who visited the house had taught the dog to drink, just for the fun of the thing. It shows the resemblance between dogs and some human beings, for this particular dog got to crave for liquor, and would drink it without being asked whenever opportunity offered. Beer was the favorite tipple of this 'dog toper,' and a rare difficulty I had to wean him of it.

"How did I cure him? Well, first of all I tried to do so by putting beer with everything he ate or drank, but that only proved partially successful; he would break out again a week after he left me. The last time I had him he was under my care a fortnight, and during the whole of that time I gave him nothing to drink but beer. It cured him.

"The smaller species of monkeys I don't mind so much, but the larger ones are ticklish customers to deal with. One I was called to a little time ago was as big as a child of nine or ten years of age, and a splendid specimen.

"The monkey was decidedly queer, and sat moping in the corner of its cage, with its forepaw held to its cheek. The indisposition had evidently something to do with the teeth. It turned out to be a gumboil, and it was as much as six men could do to hold him, tied as he was with ropes, while I lanced it.

"I suppose you would say the queerest job I ever had was when I amputated a bear's leg; but first let me tell you one or two other curious 'patients,' then decide. For instance, I was once asked to cut the ears of a donkey (of course I did not do so); and another client of mine brought me a live fox, and requested me to cut off the 'brush.'

"My own idea of my most peculiar client, however, beats these into fits. For some time I attended three dogs and a cat belonging to an old maiden lady, and one morning she called on me carrying a basket in her arms.

"'Oh, Mr. ——, I've brought my cat,' said she; 'and will you please cut the hair and shave it like I have my poodle done?'

"I have just time to mention two other cases; they may be interesting, although perhaps there is nothing very peculiar about them. You have, I daresay, heard a great deal about the love a coster has for his 'moke?'

"Well, an individual of the coster class once brought his donkey to me. The animal had met with an accident, and had a large wound which needed stitching. I knew the man as quite a rough character, and it was well known that when in liquor he knocked his wife about shamefully.

"After telling you this, you may imagine my surprise to see the tears running down the fellow's cheeks as I operated on his donkey; crying more than he probably would have done had I been stitching his own thick skin.

"The other case was that of a lad (a poor waif, who hadn't a shoe to his foot and hardly a rag to his back), who came to me with a dog in his arms.

"'Kin yer do anythink for him, guv'nor?' said he. 'He's bin my chum near a year now, and it makes me feel queer-like to see 'im ill;' and he cried rather than spoke the words.

"There was nothing much the matter with the dog, so I promised to put him right in a few days.

"Well, he came for the dog on the day appointed, and holding out a sixpence in his hand, he asked if that was enough. I told him I would charge nothing; and when the dog ran in bright and lively again, he blurted out—

"'What, nothink for curing the old dog? Well, guv'nor, ye're a good 'un, and no error; and I'll do sutthing for yer to make up for this some day.'

"And," concluded the "vet," with a smile, "he has called at my place about once a week ever since to know if he 'earn't run no errants' for me, 'or do notthink in the house.'"

A FIGHTING OYSTER.

TO look at an oyster, says a writer in the New York Sun, you would never imagine that there was any fight in it, would you?" asked an observant fisherman, as he pried open the shell of one of bivalves he was takin[illegible] been a witness, some time or other, of the oysters fighting qualities.

"One of the most exciting contests I ever saw was between an oyster and one of the most deadly enemies of the oyster family, and I am glad to say that the oyster won the fight. The enemy was a starfish, and if all of its kind were as fresh and indiscreet as this one was, they wouldn't be a source of so much dread to the oyster farmer.

"Every person who has anything to do with raising oysters has seen many a battle between them and starfish. These destructive enemies of the oyster grow fast, but seldom attempt to attack the bivalves before they are six months old, and then their inexperience and overconfidence are apt to get them in a heap of trouble. A starfish that has cut its eyeteeth, so to speak, will get the best of an oyster every time, for it will mount the shell, drill a hole through it, inject its stupefying liquid into the oyster, and envelope the whole thing with its capacious and elastic mouth-stomach before the poor shellfish knows what has happened to it.

"A school of starfish can go through an oyster farm almost as quickly as a tornado can wipe out a wheat farm in Dakota. Starfish are virtually walking stomachs, and I have found them stretched over clams, shell and all, that were a great deal bigger than the natural dimensions of the starfish. When one of these rapacious marauders envelopes a clam or an oyster it simply turns itself wrong side out and pulls itself over its victim, as you would pull on a pair of new socks.

"This fight I was speaking about occurred in shallow water, and I had a good sight of it. I saw the starfish work warily along over the oyster, and then settle down upon it. The bivalve was on the lookout, though, and when the starfish was near enough the oyster's shell closed like a steel trap on one of the starfish's five rays and cut it off as slick as if it had been done with a knife. A starfish does not mind the loss of a ray or two; in fact, it can stand the loss of four of its rays and then make its way off, in a short time spreading and growing the lost members again. But if the starfish loses all five of its rays its doom is sealed. It will die almost immediately.

"The oyster had no sooner clipped off one of its foe's legs than it set its trap again and waited for a renewal of the attack. This was not long in coming. The starfish dropped itself slowly, with so much confidence that I could almost see it, and was soon astride the oyster again. Again the trap flew shut, and the starfish rose with but three of its five rays left. But it was plucky, and, with confidence unimpaired, returned for the third round with the prompt and watchful oyster. The round was a repetition of the other two, and the starfish was bereft of another leg. The persistent enemy of the oyster had apparently set its mind on having that particular one, and without a moment's hesitation turned its crippled body to the fourth assault.

"The oyster was now mad all the way through, and shifted its position, turning its open shell upward as the starfish dropped toward it. This was the last round of the fight, for the oyster caught both remaining rays of the starfish in the trap and snipped them off at one bite. The rayless starfish turned over and sank to the bottom dead.

"By the way, any man who can hit on some practical plan that will rid the oyster beds of starfish, or that will even hold their ravaging in check, may be sure of the biggest fortune there is or ever will be in this country. The methods now in use for the destruction of this arch enemy of the oyster are slow, tedious and unsatisfactory. The starfish have not appeared in such large numbers this season, the oystermen say, as they did last season and the one before, but they are numerous enough, and the farmers boiled a good many thousand of them last year. That is the best way to get rid of them yet found. They are dredged up with the oysters and steamed to death."

A VEGETABLE PYTHON.—Woe betide the forest giant when he falls into the clutches of the cipós or fig, says the Guiana Forest. Its seeds, provided with a pulp which is very pleasant to the taste of a great number of birds, are carried from tree to tree and deposited on the branches. Here it germinates, the leafy stem rising upward and the roots flowing, as it were, down the trunk until they reach the soil. At first these aerial roots are soft and delicate, [illegible] than so many streams of green water they resemble in their slowly flowing motion downward. Here and there they branch, especially if an obstruction is met with, when the stream either changes its course or divides to right and left.

Meanwhile leafy branches have been developed, which push themselves through the canopy above and get into the light, where their growth is enormously accelerated. As this takes place the roots have generally reached the ground and began to draw sustenance from below to strengthen the whole plant. Then comes a wonderful development. The hitherto soft aerial roots begin to harden and spread wider and wider, throwing out side branches which flow into and amalgamate with each other until the whole tree trunk is bound in a series of irregular living hoops.

The strangler is now ready for its deadly work. The forest giant, like all exogens, must have room to increase in girth, and here he is bound by cords which are stronger than iron bands. Like an athlete he tries to expand and burst his fetters, and if they were rigid he might succeed. * * * The bark bulges out between every interlacing—but the monster has taken every precaution against this by making its bands very numerous and wide.

As the tree becomes weaker its leaves begin to fall, and this gives more room for its foe. Soon the strangler expands itself into a great bush almost as large as the mass of branches and foliage it has effaced. * * * If we look carefully around us we see examples of entire obliteration—a clusia, or fig, standing on its reticulated hollow pillar, with only a heap of brown humus at its base to show what has become of the trunk which stood up in all its majesty on that spot.

A NATIVE of whatever country you like, except our own, called upon one of his friends who had just been made a cabinet minister, and squarely asked him for a "sinecure." "Look around in my department," replied his excellency, "and when you find one I will think of it." Some days after the applicant called upon the government officer and told him that he had found a sinecure. "A sinecure?" "Yes." "Ah, so much the better." "You will give it to me?" "No. I will suppress it!"

Scientific and Useful.

BY WIRE.—It is reported that a Milan telegrapher, Sig. Alaia, has invented a method of musical notation by wire.

FRUITS.—The French have devised a method of preserving fruits by means of alcoholic vapor. The fruit is placed in a room containing open vessels containing alcohol.

TUNING FORKS.—It is said that if two tuning forks of the same pitch are placed facing each other, the one sounding, the other silent, in a few seconds the silent one will be giving out a distinctly audible note.

COLLISIONS.—A new invention has been designed to prevent collisions at sea. At a recent test the force from electro magnetic coils stationed on board a vessel successfully influenced a chemically prepared compass stationed some six miles away, causing it to set up an instantaneous peal of bells.

A LITTLE TOO FAST.—An Ionia (Mich.,) man, after a half dozen years of experimenting, has perfected a model of a postal car that will attain a speed of 200 miles an hour, and is designed by the inventor to carry mail between the principal cities of the country. The car is to be 83 feet long, and to run on a steel elevated track 18 feet above the ground. It is estimated the road will cost $10 000 a mile. The car is provided with an apparatus for picking up and throwing off mail automatically.

THE HEART.—One of the most remarkable things about the heart is the amount of work it does. Considering the organ as a pump, whose task it is to deliver a known quantity of blood, against a known "head," it is easy to show that in 24 hours a man's heart does about 127 foot tons of work. "In other words," says a cotemporary, "if the whole force expended by the heart in 24 hours were gathered into one huge stroke, such a power would lift 124 tons one foot from the ground. A similar calculation has been made respecting the amount of work expended by the muscles involved in breathing. In 24 hours these muscles do about 21 foot tons of work."

IN AUSTRALIA.—In Australia green corn, wheat, or oats is habitually cut for hay, and is considered to be much more nutritive than hay made from grass.

BEES.—Italian bees are said to be more energetic in resisting the attacks of the bee moth than are the common black bees. As a rule, moth invasion means a weak, queenless colony and neglect.

SULPHUR.—Insects and vermin do not like sulphur. If kept in handy reach in the sheep house it will be preventive of many ills. A few pieces of roll brimstone should always be found in the feed troughs of the horse and the cow.

WASTE.—All sorts of waste about the dairy can be made to play right into the pig's mouth. The piggery and the dairy go hand in hand, and the thrifty stockman will see that it is so. The worldly wise farmer must be able to see more than one thing at a time.

SHEEP.—A small flock of sheep is sometimes good to keep, if not to sell. It is one of the most effective scavengers to be placed upon the farm; and, because there is no profit in the wool, feed up the mutton breeds, and do not be knocked out by the present adverse circumstances.

THE MARES.—It is often the case that it will be less expensive to own a thoroughbred male in conjunction with a few of your good neighbors than to be continually paying out large service fees. If you have sufficient number of cows or mares or sows, own the male yourself, with the possible chance of hiring him out now and then.

A SINGLE TRACK.—The French are experimenting with a single-track temporary railroad that can be laid on a country road or across the fields. They expect to use it in military operations and in harvesting crops. The barrows and cars used are on the bicycle principle, and they can be operated either by hand or horse-power. The gain in the use of the single rail is the great diminution of friction.

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On Candor.

Does popular opinion favor candor or not? Are plain-speaking people, on the whole, admired and trusted, or are they disliked as uncomfortable acquaintances? Of course it would be easy to define candor in such a way as to make everybody own that it is in all respects admirable; but we wish to take outspokenness as it is commonly met with, and doing that, by casting an eye round all one's circle of frank talkers in various grades of society, it seems to us that it is more natural to begin with the consideration of the objectionable side of candor.

The candor that is carefully and sensitively expressed never forces itself upon public observation; the demeanor however that usually passes by that name is often roughly assertive, and hurts too many sensibilities to be really popular. A good deal depends upon what people are candid about. If it be only their own abstract opinions that they freely let loose done; if it be their feelings of such fellow-men that they freely put into words, they are almost certain to be more feared than liked.

There are ways of showing honesty that add or take from the inherent value of that quality till they make all the difference between what is most admirable in character and what is repellent. We may be led to feel unreserved trust in a man or hearty dislike for him by a display of the same virtue of outspokenness; it all depends how the display is made. Truth, flung as a missile to knock down the receiver, is deprived of its charms. Let us look at candor from the unfavorable point of view first.

When people either brag of their own candor or admire other men's free speech, they usually make the mistake of thinking that candor in the rough is better than the finished product. In their revulsion from oiliness and insincerity they are willing to tolerate ill-mannered honesty.

Demonstrative candor is almost invariably disagreeable, and often has underlying motives that are in no way admirable. If people who at any time blurt out the truth in the plainest terms, comforted by the thought that "it may be blamed, but cannot be shamed," would carefully analyze their reasons for shooting their opinions in a heap before their audience, they would very possibly discover one reason for frankness is that it is the easiest method of conducting a conversation.

A deal of bother may be saved by avoiding all consideration of other people's opinions and feelings, and surrendering oneself to the luxury of expressing in the strongest and boldest way the humor of the moment. It gives, too, an appearance of individuality, perhaps even of originality. But is it not a rather selfish indulgence? Anybody can surrender to this primitive impulse. It is very easy to mistake carelessness of the thoughts of others or callousness as to other people's feelings for the courage of one's own convictions.

Then there are people who are blunt and unreserved in speech because they regard it as an advertisement of honesty, or they think it does their neighbors good to be brought suddenly to a stop by a sharp shock of rather disagreeable opinion. It is, they think, a salutary experience, like slapping to increase circulation, or a douche of cold water to bring an after-glow. None of these motives for candor—motives that are often hidden from those who are actuated by them—can fairly be regarded with pride. The man who glories in his candor may often hit the mark by his bold bluff talk, but he generally hits more than the mark, and destroys good feeling.

But there are worse forms of candor than the self-indulgence of the plain man of strong opinions who does not stop to consider the lights and shades of conversation; there is the use made of freedom of speech by the people who have a strain of cruelty in their nature, who find a pleasure in being disagreeable and making those to whom they speak uncomfortable, and who try to disguise their love of throwing a rankling shaft by dressing it up as a virtue. In no way can a cruel-hearted man or woman give vent to unkindness so readily as by aping an exceedingly valiant honesty. Sometimes these disagreeable features of plain-speaking will become more hateful through taking an inquisitorial turn.

The lover of perfect openness and freedom of speech will not only say anything that comes into his mind on the ground that it is "only the truth," but he—or perhaps more often she—will ask any question that may be expected to gratify curiosity. Why should we have any concealments? Why should we not be free and above-board? These are the questions asked by Impertinence dressed up as Inquiring Candor. According to these people, the heart and mind of each of us should be like an any passer-by may [illegible] man will have no mental reservations, no sacred secrecy where his thoughts and convictions are forming. What wonder that the sensitive nature closes up instantly under the presence of the petty curiosity or blundering dulness of the candid inquisitor?

The candor that is careful of expression through courtesy to the hearer must, of course, be separated from the reticence which is due to cowardice. The one is due to consideration for an opponent and a desire to place the truth, as it seems to the speaker, in the most favorable light; the other is busy with inward-turning thoughts and selfish tremors.

The moment fidelity to truth comes into question, be it only indirectly, a way ought to be found for making one's testimony clear and unmistakable, though not necessarily aggressive. And there are occasions, too, on which candor should be as direct, clear and unescapable as the most brutal plain-speaker could wish. It all depends upon the audience. When dealing with the cunning and slippery, and sometimes with the self-deceptive who will not see themselves as others see them if they can help it, it is essential that talk should be point blank as to admit of no possible misconception; but surely talk of this kind ought to be a painful duty, and not a daily delight, as it is with some rude lovers of gruff candor!

Without candor being eventually arrived at, there can be no genuine trust in our fellow-men. If concealment and suspicion and finessing are to be the vogue, we shall always be tossed on a sea of doubt; intercourse will be a wandering in a mist of deceit. No man that is not a coward will be afraid of saying what he thinks, if he sees the necessity of saying anything at all; but expressions of opinion that are sure to be hard sayings to some should be marked by good taste, by a study of the audience, by the absence of that sharp rattle of antagonism in which the plain-speaker delights, and which is born of a love of fighting rather than a love of truth. It is for this polished candor that we put in a plea, and for the right to maintain a reserve of opinons that are forming or are held dear, opinions that the questioner has no right to probe.

WHY is it that even with the nearest and dearest praise is so begrudged, while blame is always so freely bestowed? In nine cases out of ten the former does infinitely more good and incites to far greater exertion than the latter. Nevertheless, as a rule, the fondest parent, the kindest teacher, the most faithful friend, often hesitates to praise, while seldom failing to censure when the occasion calls for it. There is ever the feeling latent that the recipient will be unduly elated by any approbation; and parents and teachers sometimes hesitate on that account to express unstinted commendation, while brothers and sisters, and even friends, often at heart really begrudge the satisfaction and perhaps self-complacency they might evoke by giving expression to the admiration they may honestly feel.

PERSONS who are sensitive for themselves are comparatively callous where others are concerned. They are easily wounded by unkindness or neglect, yet they thoughtlessly inflict the same stings upon another without compunction. They know the strength of their own temptations, but make no allowance for those who succumb before other allurements. Shrinking from criticism, they criticize others with easy severity. Certainly such persons have not learned to realize the effect of their words and actions. Their imaginations may be vivid enough in some directions, but in portraying the feelings of others it is dull indeed.

THE success of many an enterprise [illegible] dislike, what are the conveniences and helps which they prize and the inconveniences and hindrances which they wish to avoid. On the other hand, one who is blind to these things, who looks at everything from his own stand-point alone and never pauses to consider the way in which they will probably affect others, will never put his labor to the best use.

WERE men so enlightened and studious of their own good as to act by the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the opinion of others, conscience would be the steady ruler of human life, and the words truth, law, reason, equity and religion would be but synonymous terms for that only guide which make us pass our days in our own favor and approbation.

IT is often said that feelings are too strong to be subdued by a mere effort of the will; and this is true. But which precedes and gives rise to such feeling it is in our power to control; and, if we would be just as well as generous, we must clearly distinguish between the two.

No failure can be more utter than that of the parent without love, of the teacher without tenderness, of the master without sympathy, of the philanthropist without compassion.

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

HE is worthy of honor who willeth the good of every man; and he is much unworthy thereof who seeketh his own profit and oppresseth others.

IN whatsoever house you enter, remain master of your eyes and your tongue.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS

PALVE.—The French method of polishing furniture is first to cleanse it of all greasiness, and then use powdered Tripoli and boiled linseed oil applied and rubbed on with a rag.

CAROLINE.—"Undine or the Spirit of the Waters" is the title of a well-known and charming fairy story written by the Baron de la Motte Fouque. It has been translated into English, and has been dramatized.

ANITA.—When reading an original paper or a selection from any writer, the paper or book should be held in the hands in a natural manner and the pages turned as required. Otherwise the delivery becomes a recitation and not a reading.

ALLA.—The changes in the face of the moon are caused by the changes in the relative positions of the earth, moon and sun. One-half of the moon is always illuminated, but, sometimes the illuminated half is almost completely turned away from the earth.

EMMELINE.—If a reception is to follow, an invitation to a wedding requires an answer for a hostess needs some idea as to how many guests she has to provide for. The sending of a present is a personal affair, and is not necessitated by the reception of an invitation.

PRESCOTT.—To write poetry that people will read and enjoy is not quite such a simple matter as you seem to imagine, except to a Heaven-born genius. We should advise you to study the laws of versification, and then read some masterpieces of the great poets.

ELLEN.—The formalities which follow the marriage of a widow can seldom be regulated in the same manner as those of a younger bride. Circumstances must control the entertainments which follow the marriage of a widow, and no fixed forms can be arranged for them. A quiet taste and refined sentiments are the best regulators of these civilities.

S. V.—Ormus is a small island at the mouth of the Persian Gulf. In the sixteenth century, when the Portuguese were the great traders with the East, they took possession of this barren little island, and made it the great place of exchange for the products of Europe and Asia. It is to this period of its prosperity that Milton refers.

LITTLE.—A ball dropped from the top of the mast of a ship going at top speed would (if there were no wind) drop at the foot of the mast and not behind the ship. This follows from the law of nature known as the second law of motion. On the same principle a ball thrown up in a railway car going at the rate of sixty miles an hour would fall into the hand of the person throwing it.

JAREZ B.—France is now a Republic. It has previously been either a [illegible] during [illegible] exertion of [illegible] and the restoration of Charles II., when it was a Commonwealth under a Lord High Protector, that Protector being Oliver Cromwell.

T. F.—The Suez Canal is about 100 miles long, of which 65 miles are actual canal, while for 25 miles it passes through lakes, a portion of which afforded water of sufficient depth, but the greater part of which required excavating. The width, except at those places where it runs through high ground, is 325 feet at the surface, and 72 feet at the bottom, and the depth 26 feet. Where it runs through high ground the width is 195 feet at the surface.

S. J. P.—In order to be an adept in conversation a person must have ideas and information. To get ideas and information a man must study and read a great deal, observe what is going on around him, and mingle with persons of intelligence. After doing all this, in order to talk well with ladies he must frequent their society and practice talking with them, and in that way learn how to do it with tact and elegance.

CARRIE.—To make scrap-book paste dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water when cold, stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps; stir in as much powdered resin as will lay on a dime, and add six cloves. Put in another vessel a teacupful of boiling water, set over the fire, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well at the time. It will soon be like mush. When cool, lay a cover on it; keep it cool. For use soften with warm water. It will keep twelve months.

CANDIDE.—Pure nitro-glycerine is an oily, colorless liquid, prepared by introducing strong nitric and sulphuric acids into glycerine, drop by drop. Nitro-glycerine explodes by heating to a certain point, by a blow, or by the explosion, in contact with it, of any fulminate, such as fulminating mercury. When carelessly made, it sometimes explodes spontaneously, and yet this dangerous liquid can be ignited and burned like common oil, under certain conditions.

A.—After an interchange of cards the acquaintance drops, unless followed by an invitation upon one side or the other. When a first invitation is not accepted, and no reason is given for it other than that expressed in the usual form of regret, the invitation ought not to be repeated. Among the people of the highest cultivation it is binding to show one's appreciation of a first invitation by a cordial acceptance, if one desires to keep the acquaintance, and by allowing nothing that can be controlled to prevent one from going. Still, circumstances may be such as to make it impossible, and then an informal note of explanation is courteous.

AT TWILIGHT.

BY W. W. L.

The violet spreads her fragrant leaves
  All dainty touched with blue,
To evening's soft and balmy wind,
  And cooling kiss of dew.
Down from the mountains rugged brow,
  And up the quiet vale,
Past leafy woods in emerald green,
  The mists of twilight sail.

Peace rests upon the dreamy scene,
  As dimmer grows the light,
Upon the meadow land and woods,
  That fade in shades of night.
The fire flies troop out from the grass,
  And gleam across my way,
As to the tryst of love I go—
  Dead is the radiant day.

In California.

BY E. S. D.

HULLOA!—you thar—ain't there no one around the darned ranch? Hil lo-a—boys!"

Up to the verandah of the wild Californian ranch rode a man in hot haste, his horse reeking, his own rough brown face wet his right hand on the butt of his derringer, as he pulled up with that call, in answer to which some one did come out of the rough wood-built house, but none of the "boys," if any there were on the place at four or five o'clock. It was a young and handsome girl, tall and slender, with great dark Spanish eyes, and a resolute face; no common clay, this girl.

"What is it you want?" she said, in one of those low, richly-toned voices that seem as if they must sing per force.

"Wal, look here, young lady," said he, and lady she certainly was, "hev any of you seen a man along this way; a youngish fella?"

The girl shook her curly head.

"Reckon I haven't," said she, drily, "can't you give a better description? 'Youngish' might be anybody. What's he like, stranger?"

"Don't know him by sight, no more does the boys that's after him; but it's thought he may come along this way from Sacramento City, an' if he does," said the rider, settling himself to start, "jest get out of his way, any o' you, and please direct him him already, and give 'em the slip, the darned 'possum."

"Oh—is that all?" said the girl, coolly. "Well, if he does come along—h'm! we'll see to it, stranger. Maybe you can hear of him at Mostyn's ranch, six miles up river—it's the nearest place to this. Will you step in?"

"Thanks, no. Good-day. I'm away up to Rorke City, and so I can warn Mostyn if I pass near enough."

"All right, stranger. Good day."

The man rode off, and Juanita Calvaros stood for a minute so motionless that the scores of tiny humming-birds busy amongst the masses of honeysuckle bushes, flew quite close to her dark, curly head.

"Pleasant," she muttered, with a kind of grim desperation rather than fear, "left alone again by those two precious brothers of mine: gone to buy more cattle at Rorke City, indeed—bah! gone off on a week's spree, and don't think or care what desperate ruffian comes around the ranch meanwhile. A murderer!—that may or may not be, but—Cielos! I am not a coward, or a murderer to fire at a fellow on chance, and come to the worst—" she put her hand to her breast with a settling of the resolute mouth. "I carry life, and therefore honor, in my hand."

She went back to the big keeping-room, and presently began setting the table for supper for three.

"The boy may just possibly be back by seven," thought the Spanish Californian.

The next moment she sprang to her feet, white to the lips. She had knocked about enough; she was brave to recklessness, but she was still a woman, and a wild thrill of the terror that only a woman can know, shook her at that sound at the verandah door, of its swinging open. With her hand on the butt of her hidden derringer, Juanita boldly stepped into the entry—and stopped, startled.

Leaning heavily against the lintel, as if wounded or in the last extremity of exhaustion, was a slight built man of perhaps five-and-thirty, with revolver and bowie in belt; a tall, handsome fellow, despite the deathly pallor of the fine-featured face, wildly haggard, with a desperate, hunted look in it, and in the large dark eyes that met the girl's.

"For God's sake give me food—shelter—hiding for to night!"—the mad gasped. "I'm hunted to death, and wounded? I'm cuchered at last!"

If there is one thing above all that goes straight to a true woman's very heart with resistless force, lulling all fear, it is to see a strong man stricken down in his proud strength—perishing—helpless, appealing to her's—the woman's—strength and pitying aid.

There was no counterfeit here, but only too plainly the reality of suffering, whether or not he was a desperate, dangerous murderer. The latter he could not be now, for he was past either aggression or defence, for he staggered dizzily even as he tried to move a step towards her with the last faint words.

But in the same moment Juanita was at his side.

"Shelter!—yes, were you twenty times criminal, I could not let you perish. Lean on me—so—and come in."

He put one shapely hand on her shoulder, leaning heavily, and so they got the few steps to the keeping-room, where he sank into the big settee to which the girl led him. Then she mixed brandy and water in a wine-glass, and made him swallow some slowly, waited a minute till that revived him a little, then gave him, bit by bit, small pieces of bread dipped in the spirit, as he sat leaning against the cushion at the head of the couch. The food and stimulant revived the exhausted system markedly, for the blood came back a little to the man's lips, and he looked up into the Californian's beautiful face—such a look of deepest gratitude as was surely worth some risk even to get—a slight flush of admiration too, under it, which she did not notice in the gladness of her successful ministering

"Poor fellow," she said, with that soft, exquisite pity so inexpressibly sweet and moving.

"God bless you!" the man whispered, fervently, brokenly. "I don't deserve—"

"Hush! I think you can try now to eat some supper with me, and then I'll see to that wound," lightly touching some dark, dried stains of blood on the breast of the red shirt. "You have lost blood, and had little of food for days, I reckon," she added, moving the table up.

"I've been in the mountain fastnesses [illegible] like a hunted wild beast, on what I could find—and since last night, I've touched nothing till now."

"And I hope you will do my supper justice," said Juanita, smiling.

He did, to a fair extent, and was visibly revived—enough to try and put her off when she brought water, sponge, and bandage to wash and dress the wound, "it was a mere scratch with a bowie; he had staunched the blood somehow, when he escaped, and it was just healed up," he reckoned—"let it be till her men folk came in."

She set her teeth as she loosened the red shirt, and cotton one beneath, at the throat, and laid bare an ugly cut across the breast bone, then tenderly and deftly the soft fingers touched him, and washed the grimy, dried-up blood from the scarcely quite healed wound, and bandaged it afresh and clean, then, re fastening his dress and loose tie about the throat, she said, in a suppressed, level way——

"My men folk went off last night up to Rorke City on the spree, I guess, and won't turn up this side of a week. That's what they've done before—those two half-brothers of mine."

"And left you alone? Good Heavens!" he caught his breath, to stifle an execration.

She laughed—a bitter, reckless laugh, full of pain.

"I'm armed, and I'm a dead shot. A galoot rode up to-day and warned me against a murderer, who——"

"I'm the man he meant then—you knew that by what you said before," said the stranger.

"Yes—I knew," said Juanita, coolly, meeting his straight, clear gaze, "but I'm a San Franciscan, and I've knocked about. I know our wild west boys—so do you; we don't reckon all killing murder, even if a fellow is hunted like a felon for it."

"You are not afraid of me—at all?" he said, under his breath.

"No, not from the moment I saw you, and took you in; you could not be such an immeasurable ruffian as to betray hospitality. Whatsoever you have done with your life, you are gentleman born, and have not knocked the noblesse oblige out of you."

He caught her hand, and bowed his face on it in a rush of emotion he was too weak to quite master for many seconds, and when he did speak, his lips still quivered, the soft musical voice faltered.

"How can I ever thank you for your trust and generous judgment—you, pure and good—I——" he lifted his face now, steadying himself mentally, as it were—"I have wasted my life enough, God knows—wild—reckless—all but drink, I never sank to that—I've suffered—roughed it—knocked about—but you are right—I've never quite forgotten that I am still Dallas Vernon, born and bred an English gentleman."

"English!" the girl exclaimed, joyfully. "Oh! then indeed we are half compatriots, for my own mother was English."

They clasped hands closely on that, but the man's blood bounded with a deeper emotion than even that gladness. She said, as he released her hand—"I can't keep an advantage, Mr. Vernon. I am Juanita Calvaros, but just simply Juanita to everyone. And now, please, I'll just show you to the boys' room, for you are worn out, poor fellow, and need a good night's rest."

"Let me tell you first——"

"Not a word till breakfast," said she imperatively. "I will give you clean linen, and a suit that was my father's; he was tall, about your height and figure."

Dallas Vernon yielded; it was new and sweet to obey this beautiful woman.

The next morning, it scarcely seemed, so to speak, the same haggard, hunted outcast of last evening who came into the keeping room. Good and sound, if light, sleep for hours, a refreshing bath and clean shave, that left only the accustomed moustache, and the blood-stained, grimy dress replaced by a good suit of loose, easy fashion, such as any gentleman in 'Frisco would wear in morning negligé—all these made a transformation, and as Juanita warmly greeted him, she told him so in her frank, unconventional way.

Plainly the man had that steel-like sinew and iron constitution that almost defies adverse attacks, and it was already asserting itself. Doubtless, a few days of rest and care like this would fully restore his splendid strength, but also, perhaps, play havoc with his heart, or why, even now, did it throb so fast as he held that soft hand that had saved him?

At breakfast, he told her the truth of the skirmish, "any—"heavy" gambling bout, he said, with a red flush on his bronzed cheek, and downcast eyes, and he had won very largely, especially from one, a very "black sheep," son of Judge Kemble, who, later, had waylaid and attacked him (Vernon). "I wrenched the bowie from the scoundrel," he said—"shot him in self-defence, and knowing what a hue and cry there'd be raised by the old fool of a Judge, forsooth! I made tracks. No one knows my real name, or much what I'm like. I was a stranger there. I shot two of the fellows who were after me—to rob me as soon as they'd lynched me—and got off to the mountains. Seems the gang have passed the word as low as Rorke's City. Anyhow, first, I'll get to 'Frisco, by the ford—and home, if——" he stopped, biting his lips; then, with a laugh—"Well, they don't know the fortune hidden in an under belt though, diamonds of rare value—and gold. I've had luck, you see, and—and—and I don't mean to spin it up any more!"

"Or play down on your own life," said Juanita, gently—"you are still in your prime, and you have strong will enough for anything: You can still retrieve."

"That's what I mean," he said, eagerly, "that's what I mean, Juanita."

"I know you do," was her earnest answer, but she did not fathom the full, deep source of this new strength—the man hardly did himself; introspection had scarcely come into his life.

* * * * * * *

Four or five days passed at the Calvaros Ranch in undisturbed rest, and a strange new peace and happiness stealing unrecognized, by the girl at least, into those two lives thrown so into the companionship, and, indeed, dependency on each other for safety and sympathy; the interchange of thoughts, feeling, mutual histories and troubles—all that in two strong, impassioned natures, with no half-lights in either, must needs appeal powerfully to each heart—and did—inevitably.

At present the girl was still blinded by the very freedom of intercourse, and moreover by the constant anxiety for her brothers' return and the dread of danger to her fugitive guest.

But the man of five-and-thirty could not of course be blinded, and he knew perfectly well that he had surrendered at discretion, though chivalrous honor must needs forbid work or look to betray his love, as long as he had to remain alone with her under that roof; that necessity ended soon enough, so far as his strength was concerned. Thanks to a rich vigor of physique and fine organization which his rackety and chequered life had not impaired, he recovered vitality hour by hour almost it seemed, and by the fifth day was absolutely himself again, and was quite able to make his way down to 'Frisco, but—then came the tug of war—the difficulty, even if he had not loved Juanita Calvaros; how could he possibly leave her unprotected, alone in this wild place, knowing that any hour the ranch might be visited by one or some ruffians in search of him? Heaven! the very thought shook him.

Besides, how could he leave, and never speak, never see her again, after these few madly happy days? Fate, however, solved the question on the fifth day about six, the primitive supper hour in a Californian ranch. Dallas Vernon was out at the back drawing water from the well, and the noise of the winch prevented him at first from hearing sounds at the front verandah of trampling horses' hoofs and men's voices, but Juanita, setting the meal, heard, and went white with terror for the man outside, but the next moment she went out to the entry—and her very heart stood still as she caught sight of four mounted men, ruffianly-looking fellows enough.

"Jehosaphat!—what a darned beauty!" cried the leader, evidently, and there was a hoarse chuckle all round. "Look hyar, my gal, we're wanting the galoot as murdered an' robbed Judge Kemble's son, and he's around these parts, we b'lieve, so own up, with a kiss for——"

The girl stepped back, breaking across the insolent words with an exclamation that sprang from the very impulse of desperation itself, with the one maddening fear for Vernon, the one blind instinct of love to save him.

"You dare to touch me!" she cried, as the ruffian dropped from the saddle; "there's only my husband and me here, and he——"

"Knows how to protect his wife, by the lord!" and a tall man, blazing with passion, suddenly strode from behind, throwing his left arm about the girl, and confronted the intruder with a, if you [illegible] you can have that or liquor up peaceable—which you choose—Sabe?"

The others fell back a bit, staggered. This man looked dangerous, somehow, even if they were four to one—or rather two, for his "wife" (how sharply Dallas had caught the cue) was armed evidently.

One of the fellows still mounted said, with a hoarse laugh:

"Didn't mean your wife no harm, pard, I guess, but we're after Hiram Kemble's murderer, and by th' Eternal, we mean to hev him and lynch him!"

"Well, go to the deuce for him, if that's all," retorted the other, roughly, with a thoroughly Western tongue instead of his own soft, refined accents. "Is that a reason to come down on a quiet rancher, and insult his wife? There ar'n't any murderer around these diggings as I ken see. What's the galoot like?—an' if I've seen him I'll tell you straight, without my gal being frightened."

She was quivering in his clasp, poor heart, but not from physical terror, as he knew, and one swift glance down showed him that, somehow, she had managed to transfer a broad, richly chased, gold ring from her right hand to the wedding finger, even while she held her breath for the answer to the question just put. Madre de dios! if they had any description!

"Dunno, stranger, 'cept that he's young, and ain't an American the boys didn't think."

"Not!" exclaimed the other, with a sudden laugh. "Then, by the jumping Jehoshaphat, I reckon I've seen the fella' three days back, in Rorke's City; darned if that ain't him as I telled you of, wife, and if you'll jest liquor up, pards, first, and then ride into the city, I reckon you'll tree him like a 'coon at the whisky saloon. Square's the word, boys!"

There was a shout of approval, and the completely hood-winked rascals, thinking they were safe on the track of the rich prize, bundled from their saddles to the broad verandah, where of course there was the usual rustic table and benches. There they were soon served with a liberal supply of brandy-smash and gin-sling, by their host and hostess, to the latter of whom the first glasses were drained.

What an awful half-hour that was; one of those episodes in existence in which we

live years of suspense and agony and fierce passion, that must be kept under the mask of reckless good fellowship. But it ended at last, and the ruffians, now certainly what seamen call "two sheets in the wind," tumbled to their saddles, and with hilarious adieux rode off northwards towards the direction of Rorke City.

"Damn them!" said Dallas fiercely, through his teeth, as he swung round into the house and keeping-room, where Juanita was hurriedly setting on buckwheat cakes. Loyal and brave, it was not in womanhood to face this man coolly, or without a burning if transitory flush, after what had passed, for her eyes were suddenly opened, and what—oh! what might he not think?

"Come to supper at once," she said, speaking rapidly, in a hard, desperate kind of manner; "you must escape now, there's not a minute's safety; if they reach Rorke City they'll find the trick out. I was forced to it—if they should meet anyone, old Mostyn or my brothers, they'll all be back like the deuce, and the river is so high that I reckon there's something wrong up higher, at Red Gully, maybe, and if the floods are out there, the boys 'll fly from Rorke's—" she stopped, breathless, and sitting down, pushed a plate well filled before Vernon.

"You are the bravest, noblest of women!" was all he could—dared attempt to say, or he must have said all—all that, to his honor, seemed like taking advantage of the noble moral courage that a second time had saved him. She went on in the same way, as each ate their meal—

"I'll pack the saddle-bag with food, and you shall take Rover, my horse; he's splendid, and will carry you finely till you reach 'Frisco."

"Thank you," Dallas said quietly, with the oddest little smile. Was it possible that she really thought for one moment that he could fly, and leave her to such hideous peril?

No more was said, and when they had finished, Juanita, her heart throbbing with this new, terrible pain and shame, that half-choked her, gladly escaped to pack the saddle-bag, while Vernon went to saddle Rover, a powerful beast, and bring him to the verandah. There she brought him a riboza or Mexican blanket, which he strapped on the pommel of the saddle for telling purposes, and a small valise or portmanteau.

"Now, Juanita, you must walk a little way with me."

She obeyed him in a blind, bewildered kind of way, and rejoined him.

"Come," she said, quickly, it will soon be sundown, and dark."

Dallas looked down on the Californian girl.

"Juanita, you could never in cool blood have dreamed that I ever meant for one second to leave you alone, of all women, in this da—— He l—my God!—hear that sound!"

A sound that in those wilds might well blanch the cheek and appal the very soul of those two, who for one second looked at each other—just looked—in dead silence—the mighty sound, afar off of rushing waters, a distant, sullen roar, that every instant seemed to come nearer—nearer. Great Heaven! What an awful thing to know that the levees above Rorke City had burst, and the floods were out, sweeping down the valley that lay between them and the only hope of safety—the high ground that rose up abruptly some distance towards the Coast Range.

There was not a moment to be lost. Vernon, swinging the girl to the riboza strapped at the saddle bow, and vaulting to the saddle himself, wrapped that strong right arm close about the slight form, straining her to his heart a second, with one passionate whisper in her ear—"In life or death—with thee! with thee!"

And then the Rover was off westward, in full gallop across the plain, towards the mountain range.

What a breathless, mad race for life against death that was, horse and riders alike knowing the danger, as they fled before the flood that swept on—on, down towards them as they struck south-west across its on-coming fury.

Hark! what is that suddenly rising above the sullen roar of the waters? A shouting of men; then the sharp crack of a rifle, and a ball whizzed close, and fell—ten feet short.

"My God!" the girl gasped; "I see them—those ruffians, and—the boys! pursuing us, with the tide on behind them! Oh, Dallas!"—she hid her straining eyes on his breast in agony.

But not one word did her lover speak; he only set his teeth, and urged the brave horse on to still more headlong speed in that wild ride, as he saw that the six pursuers—those four ruffians and the two Calvaros, whom they must have met flying before the flood—all half drunk—were trying to cut across him and reach the high ground first, each party riding at right angles with the other, each with the common enemy fearing and rushing on to overtake and destroy.

On! on!—are you gaining? Yes—no! Great Heaven!—the pursuers are nearer—yelling like drunken imps—and the waters gaining on pursuers and fugitives. On! on! for life or death in the balance. Ha! the ground rises now sharply—the noble steed, laboring, panting, struggles on—the hill side suddenly steepens—there is a narrow track winding up, but Rover cannot climb it, save unmounted: the pursuers are almost at the rising ground below—they hear—see the torrent pouring its volumes towards them—one desperate effort, and there is a chance! Vernon flings himself to the ground, catches the girl in his powerful arms with an ease and strength that God gives in such moments, and leaps like a deer up the pass, calling to the faithful Rover, who follows him closely to the plateau above.

A wild, stifled shriek as of the dying; a deafening roar below, and the mass of waters rushes over the very spot the fugitives have just left, sweeping on its furious tide those six corpses, and rooted up trees, logs and debris of dwellings. Oh, for the awful sight it is for human eyes to see!

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"Saved, in God's mercy!" the man almost sobbed, locking the quivering girl to his heart in a passion of gratitude and ecstasy—"My darling! my love! Saved, to call me in very truth your husband!"

And then the lips were pressed to hers—yielded to that long, sweet kiss of love given and taken—a strange betrothal, in the midst of danger and hardship, and death below that, bad or good, had left the Californian girl no kith or being in the world to cling to but this lover, who would make her his wife directly they should make their way to San Francisco.

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In their happy English home, Dallas Vernon and his young wife speak sometimes of their strange meeting and that terrible flight, but only one or two very intimate friends know the whole truth of that Californian Story.

Rosy's Dowry.

BY L. B.

FEW people died on White Lady's Island—too few, it seemed to be thought by old Simon Hodder the gravedigger, whose pride in the little place of graves was great, and who showed excessive zeal in weeding and tending the few half-forgotten mounds and pruning the scanty wind-riven shrubbery.

The graveyard led down to the sea; and here and there the restless tides had taken large slices out of the sandy bed where the islanders were laid for their last sleep. In spite of the dreary suggestiveness of the place, a path leading through it was freely trodden, for it was the shortest cut of the sea at that part of the island, every other way to the water being long, steep, and rather dangerous.

Old Simon beamed with pleasure when his flower-pranked graves were noticed and admired. I, a worn out teacher of languages, who had come to White Lady's Island to rest among the few simple fisherfolk who inhabited it, found great relaxation and amusement in listening to the old gravedigger's talk.

"It'll make you feel more home-like if you know who the dead folks is," he began, resting his hoe on a mound covered with Michaelmas daisies and golden-rod. "That there is Larry Murdoch's bed. Poor chap, he jest kind o' gin out from old age winter afore the big storm!"

Simon's age was only a year or less than Larry's, but of that and his personal infirmities the gravedigger never spoke.

"Them two little banks o' yeller blows is Sam Muncher's babies. One fell in a kittle o' bilin' soap—so promisin', too—could not hardly see out of its eyes for fat at ten months old. T'other was a bit weak-like in the head, owin' to some kind o' pisen in the milk. But I allow as how you come mostly to see the White Lady's grave, she as was a wash-up more'n a hundred and twenty year ago now."

I confessed entire ignorance of the White Lady.

"There was an orful storm that night; this century ain't never known so bad a one. A ship went to pieces on Devil's Tooth rock that night, and every man and mouse aboard perished. She was called the Dame Blanche—that means 'White Lady.'"

For this well-meant enlightenment I, who had been dinning the French language into the unwilling ears of boarding-school girls for the last nine years, bowed my acknowledgments.

"The next mornin' they found a beautiful young woman lyin' stark and stiff at the foot of them rocks over yonder. Her blue eyes was starin' wide open, and she clinched in her dead fingers somethin' fast to a gold chain round her neck—the broken half of a gold ring with a French word which means 'For ever' marked inside. She wore a long white gown with lace on it; but there wa'n't no name, nor naught to tell who she was. They buried her here; and the island has gone ever since by the name they give her—the White Lady. Yonder's her grave, with the big stone cracked through the middle. Silly folks says she walks o' stormy nights when ships are in danger; and many of 'em has a sneakin' notion that her spook helps lovers as is down on their luck. The broken ring looked as though she might ha' been pinin' herself after the feller that had the other half."

"A sad story, isn't it?" I commented.

"Yes—powerful sad; but it all happened so long ago one can't feel overcut-up about it. This is Jane. She looks right purt this mornin' don't she, with all them everlastin's and black eyed-Susans a-growin' and a-blowin'?"

"Jane," I learned, was the departed consort of old Simon; and he always spoke of her grave as if it were herself. Later, as I became better acquainted with the Hodder family, I was taken into the ship's cabin where Simon lived and shown Jane's portrait. Theirs was a quaint dwelling—the deck-cabin of a wrecked steamer, made cosy and habitable by judicious patching. The ship to which the cabin had belonged was called the Double Eagle, a name which clung naturally to old Hodder's abode.

In a curtained-off corner Jane's portrait hung; and behind it, in a small locker, Simon kept most of his treasures. One of these was the tall black hat which he had worn at his wedding and at Jane's funeral; occasionally it was brought out now on Sundays, but not often.

Jane had left a very pleasing reminder [illegible], very pretty, not over-wise, but winsome enough.

In the farm house where I lodged there was staying the Very Reverend the Bishop of Carlingford, an old man resting from stress of work, as I was. Rosy Hodder often brought him wild fruit and flowers. She and I soon became intimately acquainted; and I used to chat with her as she sat at her stocking-mending among the graves. I liked the girl, and soon became the recipient of all her girlish confidences. She had a lover, of course—Tom Wimpis, a carpenter from St. Helen's, across the bay. I made his acquaintance, too, in due time, and found him to be an honest straight-forward young man, quite the right sort for feather-brained Rosy.

Unfortunately there was no money yet for the young people to begin life with—a cause of great regret to old Simon as well as to the ardent lover.

But, if Tom could lay hands upon a certain sum of money before Christmas, he might enter into partnership with a fellow-carpenter at St. Helen's and marry Rosy in the spring. There seemed no possible chance of raising this money, unless Simon Hodder could sell a certain acre of ground he owned, called "Blue Fox Knoll," at the most picturesque end of the island. Purchasers of land were however very few on White Lady's Island.

One morning, as I strolled down towards the sea, I found the old gravedigger in a very bad temper.

"Contrary old critter! Ain't got no sense of decency—so sneakin' and dog-mean about it, too!" he muttered, as he raked "Jane" from head to foot with a vigor that seemed more injurious than beneficial to her appearance.

"What is the matter, Mr. Hodder? You seem greatly disturbed about something," I ventured to say.

"Why, that aggravatin' old washerwoman Hannah has been at it agin!"

"At what?"

"Trailin' her durned old washin' about among the graves! Look at that yeller ragged stockin'! Where do you s'pose I found it? On the White Lady's tombstone! Whenever my back is turned for an hour or two, that aggravatin' old cat whips out her clothes-line, ties it between them two wild cherries, and hangs out her petticoats and things over the blessed dead without no more shame than one o' them gravestones! One day, jest after I had made Jane look all spick-and-span for Sunday, I found one o' Jerry Callaghan's red flannel shirts spread out over her feet to dry. Jerry's our justice of the peace; but, as he's married to Hannah's daughter, I can't get no satisfaction."

"Why doesn't she hang her clothes on her own ground?"

"Because o' her natural cussedness! She says the buryin'-ground is public property. But I notice she don't dare hang 'em out when she knows I'm at home!"

The Hodders had another enemy besides the delinquent Hannah—Jock Tempest, a discarded lover of Rosy's, who avenged himself by playing old Simon any evil turn that circumstances made possible. Jock was much admired for his tall broad figure and general good looks; but his eyes were furtive and shifty, and his manner inspired me with dislike and suspicion at the outset. At present he was said to be "down on his luck," and was trying to sell his cat boat, the Banjo, which was moored in deep water off the foot of the little graveyard.

Simon Hodder was in radiant good humor when I next stopped to chat with him over his work. The Reverend Bishop, desiring to have a refuge of his own on White Lady's Island, had agreed to buy the Blue Fox Knoll.

"A lucky day for the young folks!" said Simon jubilantly. "The price of that piece of ground is enough to put Tom into that partnership. He's a good fellow, and I don't begrudge payin' him over every penny of it. He'll pay me back all in good time, if I need it. Any way, it's all Rosy's, sooner or later."

Rosy met me a few days later, and launched into further details of their good fortune.

"And the bargain is actually signed and sealed?" I said, sincerely glad over her happiness.

"Yes—and every shilling of the money paid. Pa has it safe and sound in his Sunday hat in the locker behind ma's portrait. He's going to leave it there till Friday, when Tom can take it over to the main."

"Speak lower, child. You are very imprudent to let all the world know where your father hides his money. Unless those men are deaf as milestones, they must have heard every word you said." Three Rosy spoke, one of them being Jock Tempest.

"Oh, that's no harm!" said the careless child. "We're all honest folk here: and, besides, I'm glad if Jock did hear. He's always been far too ready with his sneer because Tom couldn't marry me for lack of money."

I felt very uneasy, and wished that any one on the island, rather than Jock Tempest, had heard Rosy's indiscreet chatter.

The next evening Simon, Rosy, and Tom left the Double Eagle to take care of itself, and went to a singing-practice at the school-house. I had been invited to go too, but had declined.

The night was wild, and I went down with Lucy Tinker, my landlady's daughter, to see the waves. We took the usual path past the cabin of the Double Eagle and through Hannah's premises, where Jerry Callaghan, the representative of the law, was at that moment making merry with some friends in honor of his wife's birthday.

We picked our way among the long low grass-grown mounds; and, as we approached the grave of the White Lady, I started back with a suppressed cry. Hovering above the cracked stone where the unknown woman lay was a pale filmy form with long white arms, now raised imploringly aloft, then wildly beating the air. For a moment I believed I saw a spectre.

"That's the Bishop's nightgown a-flappin' about in the wind. Hannah washed it this afternoon and hung it up to dry while the Hodders were away at the singing-school. The Bishop's goin' to baptize a baby in the stone house at St. Helen's," said my little companion, in her matter-of-fact drawl.

My equanimity was suddenly and completely restored. Though the Bishop's surplice did look uncommonly like a ghost, I felt ashamed of myself, and was very thankful that my stolid young friend had taken no notice of my silly fears.

We sat on the edge of Jock Tempest's row-boat, pulled up on the sand, and watching the foaming surf for half an hour or more.

"How the Banjo is pitchin' about beyond the shoal yonder! Looks as if Jock was hard pressed to git away from the island, plannin' to leave with a sea like that—don't it?" observed Lucy.

"What makes you think he means to put off to night?"

"'Cause the cars is in the boat. He wouldn't leave 'em there unless he meant to use 'em soon; they might get stole—at least, Jock thinks so. He seems to believe everybody round here is only waitin' for a chance to steal somethin'."

"Perhaps because he's none too honest himself. Come, Lucy—it's getting chilly. Let's go home!"

Returning by the way by which we had come, we both noticed a ray of light in the Double Eagle. It was only a flash, and then all was darkness again. Immediately afterwards we saw a man coming hastily towards us.

"Why, it's Jock Tempest! He must have made that light in the Double Eagle! What's he wastin' his time for a lookin' for the Hodders when he knows as well as I do that they're all at the singin'?" said Lucy, as the moon, clear of the clouds for a moment, plainly revealed the man's face.

We were in the shade of a thicket of elder-bushes, and the man approached quite unaware of our presence. An ugly suspicion took possession of me. Jock Tempest had been the cause of the mysterious light in the Holders' cabin, and for no good purpose. He had accomplished his evil deed, and had suffered keen mental torture. He must not be allowed to escape; but how could a weak woman and a twelve-year-old girl keep him back?

We could now see his features distinctly in the steadier moonlight. Suddenly he started back, with a look of abject horror on his face. He stood irresolute for a moment, then, turning, ran in the opposite direction.

"I always heard Jock Tempest was afraid o' spooks," said Lucy, "and now I believe it. The Bishop's nightgown has scared him out of his wits; he thinks it's the White Lady abroad this stormy night, and he's bolted for the main road. It'll take him a good many minutes to reach his boat that way; but wild horses couldn't drag him through the graveyard now!"

"Then we have time!" I said, with panting breath. "Lucy, there's danger abroad for Rosy Hodder! Fly like the wind down to the shore and hide Jock's oars somewhere in the bush! Keep yourself well

I hastened to the Double Eagle, and, as I had feared, found an entrance broken through to the little cabin where Jane's portrait hung. Poor Jane lay prone on her face, and the Sunday hat, empty, had been kicked ruthlessly to one side.

"That rascal has taken every penny of the money! Thank goodness, Jerry Callaghan is within call!" I muttered between my sobs, for tears of excitement were streaming down my face.

Flying across the graveyard to Hannah's cottage, I burst in upon the merry-makers with scanty courtesy.

"Come with me, Mr. Callaghan, without an instant's delay, and bring those strong fellows with you! I'll explain as we run; there is not a moment to lose!" I cried breathlessly.

Glad of a bit of adventure, the men came willingly enough; and, with Hannah in our train, we all hurried down to the sea.

"Any signs of him, Lucy?"

"Not yet," came in the familiar drawl from the bushes; and the child crept forth from her hiding-place, cool and collected as usual.

All this had occurred in less than ten minutes. We had to wait a quarter of an hour before Jock Tempest came stealthily round the point. To his utter consternation and dismay, he found himself surrounded by three stalwart men, backed up by a valiant trio of females—old Hannah, Lucy, and myself. Being taken completely off his guard, Jock had not a word to say for himself, and he surrendered without resistence and in sulky silence.

Callaghan, searching him, found in his possession a canvas bag containing a considerable sum of money, Rosy's dowry.

"It was all that infernal old woman's fault, hangin' out the Bishop's nightgown to flop in the wind. I thought it was the White Lady's spook, and that she was after me hot foot for takin' the money that was to help a pair o' spoons to their weddin'," Jock was heard to murmur to himself while within the four stout walls of his cell at St. Helen's.

From that night there was a better feeling between old Simon and Hannah. I have heard from subsequent visitors to the island that "June" is now not so trim as formerly, and that there is every reason to suppose that Hannah will supplant her in Simon's affections.

WORKERS HANDICAPPED.

IN a little English village lives a man who undertakes the overlooking of several stone quarries, and this effectually, although he is quite blind.

He has a companion occasionally with him, and "sees things through his eyes," as he declares; yet he often goes about entirely unattended; has all the workmen at his beck and call; fumes at them if unpunctual or inattentive; and altogether undertakes the work more proficiently than many men endowed with the blessing of sight.

The quarrymen all agree that he looks after the business better than his brother, who is chief owner; though they would much rather have the latter in attendance when inclined to be a bit lazy, as the blind man seems to know by instinct whether the men are working attentively or not.

One thing which is amusing to a stranger is the voluble manner in which he talks of the business. During his discourse he will point to the cranes or other mechanical contrivances, and explain their various usages, and even set them in motion. The adroitness with which he traces his way in and about the stones, at once excites admiration and astonishment in the onlooker; so much so that it is no easy matter to convince an unaccustomed one that the sprightly go-ahead fellow is so piteously afflicted.

A man who performs the part of "knocker-up" in a manufacturing town, executes his various duties with a nicety and punctuality worthy of imitation by people blessed with the use of their eyes.

He has a long round, and commences his work in the gray of early morning, and is kept busily tapping at the windows of his sleeping patrons till breakfast hour. Never, by any chance, does he miss a single house; and if entrusted with a new address, he experiences no difficulty in finding it.

The "knocker up" receives threepence per week at each house, and as he raps up a great number of families, he makes a comfortable living.

During foggy weather the people who meet him in the streets often request him to inform them of their whereabouts, the answer being invariably an unerring one.

An old omnibusman, who for many years was an important feature at a busy wayside hotel near a provincial town, was at one time reckoned the smartest and steadiest driver on the road, and this although he was possessed of but one arm, his right having suffered amputation in his early youth.

With the sturdy left hand he could manage his four horses with exemplary dexterity, and in all his years of service had no accident worthy of record.

This worthy was a good hand at dressing horses, and carried off several prizes at local shows for the excellency of his turn outs.

An accountant for a small brewery company executes the whole of a large business correspondence with the left hand. His right arm was amputated some years ago, and he wears a cork arm and hand, which, though decidedly useful, is not sufficiently flexible to hold a pen for any great length of time.

Occasionally he relieves his left hand by writing with the other, but only for a few minutes' duration.

Speaking of one-handed individuals, a smart gentleman was arrested some time ago in Paris for elaborate pocket-picking, who had only one hand, and that the left. Yet, even thus handicapped, he was so expert at his trade, and had so refined and unsuspicious an appearance, that for years he had obtained a living by dishonesty, without being detected.

A publican's daughter, though stone-blind, was a first-rate pianist, and could render even difficult and elaborate pieces, after having heard them once or twice by a good performer. She was wont to enliven the company, and received an offer from a music-hall proprietor, but this was declined.

Another blind lady was organist for many years at a tiny chapel in a North Country town, and was pronounced by one or two competent authorities to be a first-rate performer.

She gave her services free, and assisted ably in bringing the choir to a state of perfection.

In a tiny village, in one of the loveliest parts of England, is a washerwoman who pursues her avocation in a decidedly unconventional fashion. She is armless, but goes through quite a mammoth stock of washing in the course of a week, employing a pair of stout feet vigorously in her work. Her daughter assists in the wringing and mangling, though the woman often hangs out—a task effected by means of two stumps and a capacious mouth.

The clothes are beautifully white and clean, and would put to blush the efforts of many a woman more favorably endowed.

A remarkable case is recorded of an architect, who met with an accident which deprived him of one hand and the fingers and thumb of the other. After this he contrived to draw his plans with the first two toes of the right foot, submitting them to an assistant to be copied more neatly before presentation.

Eventually he acquired a proficiency that entirely did away with the necessity of having a second copy produced, the work bearing comparison with any done by hand.

He suffered a slight operation to enable him to have a pair of artificial hands securely attached, but never discarded his method of working with the feet, although the newly acquired members were of so elaborate a description as to enable him to perform any ordinary duties with ease.

EXPERIENCED IN MATRIMONY.—"When I was stationed down on the Indiana State line," remarked a minister, who was one of a group discussing the comical side of a preacher's life, in the presence of a Toledo Bee reporter, "a little old man of seventy came to me with a very large woman of about forty.

"'Melandy here tells me she will stop drinking and swearing if I will marry her and buy her a bonnet, and I've concluded to give her a trial. What're yer charges?'

"'Oh, I'll leave that to you—anything from $5 to $10.'

"'That's too much. You know I'm just doing this to reform Melandy.

"'All right, if that's the case, you may give me what you like.'

"'Well, then, go ahead.'

"When the job was completed, he handed me two shillings, and supplemented it the next day with about ten cents' worth of parsnips, after ascertaining that I liked 'snipe.'

"The following Sunday the couple appeared at church, the little old man and bow. They struck the centre aisle while I was reading the hymn. The sight was too much for me, and I broke down completely with laughter and told the congregation to sing while waiting for me to finish reading. Of course they made the attempt, but went to pieces on the second line, and the entire audience joined with me in laughter, to the detriment of the entire service.

"Two weeks later I met the old gentleman and asked him how he and his wife were getting along.

"'Ain't you heern about it? Why, we has separated. Why? Matter enough. When a man's wife amuses herself by calling names and throwin' stones at him it's about time to quit. I've been married four times before and know what my rights is. She's had considerable experience, too, havin' had five husbands 'fore she hornswaggled me with her promises to reform and go to church every Sunday and quit swearin' an' drinkin'. You won't ketch me agin; I tell you.'"

AT Springfield, Ohio, the Fire and Police Board is enforcing the ordinance preventing people from sitting on the sidewalk. W. Straley, proprietor of the New Grand Hotel, was arrested for permitting guests to sit in front of his house.

The object of the manufacturers of Dobbins' Electric Soap has been for 28 years to make this soap of such superior quality that it will give universal satisfaction. Have they succeeded? Ask your grocer for it. Take no other.

The Fourth of July.

At pretty Lincoln Park on the Delaware, big preparations are already being made for the Fourth of July. It is proposed to patriotically celebrate the nation's holiday. Wannemacher's big military band has prepared a special programme, almost entirely composed of patriotic airs. Pain, the celebrated fireworks man, of New York, will give the patrons of the park one of the grandest fireworks displays they have ever witnessed. Besides this there will be all the other amusements and the beautiful fairyland illumination at night. Seven steamers will be in service July 4 leaving Race and Christian Sts. Phila., every 20 minutes.

At Home and Abroad.

The Humane Society of New York has offered a prize of $50 for the best collection of instantaneous photographs of docked and overchecked horses, with the names and addresses of the owners of the tortured animals.

A French General has inaugurated a plan which finds much favor in the German Army, namely, that of permitting and even encouraging the soldiers to sing when on the march, a privilege which has been strictly denied until recently. It has also been arranged that any soldier who can play on any of the smaller musical instruments shall be provided with such instrument at the expense of the State. It is claimed that this introduction of a musical feature into the army will serve to revive the spirits of the men, and will materially aid in alleviating the hardships of military service.

According to the New York Recorder, the merry brokers seek relaxation in many ways during the lull in the rise or fall of prices at the Stock Exchange. The latest amusement is the game of "old hat." It is well known that wealthy men wear, as a rule, the poorest headgear; and this year some rare old specimens have been seen in the Street. When one of the staid old bankers or brokers appears on the Exchange he is immediately made the centre of a circle of prancing financiers who begin betting on the age of his hat. And in spite of occasional rebuffs the brokers have many a jolly time over the "old hat" game.

A German paper says that Kullak, the famous pianist, was once invited to dinner by a wealthy Berliner, who was the owner of a large boot manufactory and had been a shoemaker in his time. After the repast Kullak was requested to play something, and he consented. Not long afterward the virtuoso invited the boot manufacturer, and after dinner handed him a pair of old boots. "What am I to do with these?" inquired the rich man. With a genial smile Kullak replied: "Why the other day you asked me after dinner to make a little music for you, and now I ask among those boots."

The little town of Wauchula, Florida, boasts of a family of ten sturdy children, all under three and a half years of age. The mother of the children first bore twins, then triplets, and on April 4 last she gave birth to quintuplets, four girls and one boy, all of whom are said to be thriving remarkably well. The local newspaper, which is responsible for this story, claims that this is the world's record. Such wide-spread interest in this remarkable family has been aroused that it is proposed to introduce a bill into the Florida Legislature to provide for the relief of the parents, who are reported to be very poor. The mother seems to possess, however, many more jewels than the mother of the Gracchi.

Horseless carriages have now come into wide use in France, both on the streets of towns and cities and on ordinary country roads. Great care has been taken in their construction, and everything done that would conduce to the comfort of the passengers. Storage electric batteries and petroleum have been variously employed as motive power, and last week a race was run and won by a carriage with a gasoline engine. The course was from Versailles to Bordeaux and return, a distance of 460 miles, and besides a prize being offered to the carriage which could make the run in the shortest time, no matter what the motive power was, there were also special prizes for vehicles of various descriptions. The almost perfect character of the roads in France makes this form of pleasure travel thoroughly practicable. In our own country we have so far only had the slow and cumbersome road locomotive, but with the improvements that are being made on public highways we may yet have horseless vehicles other than bicycles.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

FROM JAPAN.

BY M. BROWNE.

"HE will be so interesting!" sighed Mary Clara Beatrice.

"Such a traveler!" said Princess Bluebell. "I quite long to see him."

"And I long to talk to him," said Mary Clara Beatrice.

"He will talk to me," said Princess Bluebell—"the handsome stranger will talk to me."

"How do you know he is handsome?" said Mary Clara Beatrice.

"How do I know?" said the princess scornfully. "Hush! here he comes."

And at that moment the door opened, and Cecil walked slowly into the room.

"He has not come," said Princess Bluebell; and in her excitement she fell flat on her face.

"Don't you see him behind Cecil?" whispered Mary Clara Beatrice. "He is there—I can see him; and oh, my dear! I believe I am going to faint."

"Why, what's the matter? I wish I could see. I wish Cecil would pick me up. I wish I hadn't tumbled down," grumbled the princess.

Mary Clara Beatrice said nothing. She was staring as hard as she could stare at the new doll which Cecil was dragging behind her.

"Why doesn't Cecil pick me up?" said the princess angrily. "I can see nothing, and you won't tell me anything."

But Cecil took no notice of the princess or Mary Clara Beatrice. Cecil was standing in the middle of the room, trying very hard to feel pleased with her new doll, trying to persuade herself that he was not very, very queer and ugly.

"Miss Cecil," called nurse, "come and get tidied. The others will be here directly."

Cecil walked slowly out of the room.

"Has she taken him away without introducing him to me?" said the princess.

"Yes," said Mary Clara Beatrice.

"Then, tell me what he's like," said the princess.

"Like," said Mary Cl ...ep ...e any doll i ...

"Handsomer, I suppose r" said the princess; "and, oh dear! I shall spoil the shape of my nose lying here."

"There's someone coming," said Mary Clara Beatrice. "It is Cecil's friend, Ethel."

"Then I shall be picked up," said the princess.

And the princess was right. Ethel ran straight to her, picked her up, and kissed her.

"Well, Princess," she said, "do you know it is Cecil's birthday? It is so jolly to have a birthday—and a birthday party."

"Ethel," called Cecil, "I'm nearly ready Come and look at my new doll."

Princess Bluebell was put down in the chair again, and away ran Ethel.

"Well," said the princess, "he must be handsome if Ethel will leave me and run to see him."

"Handsome!" cried Mary Clara Beatrice.

The two little girls came running back into the room.

"We will play with the dolls until the others come," said Ethel.

"Yes, come into the garden," said Cecil. "You carry Mary Clara Beatrice and the princess, and I'll take Jumping Jack; and I suppose we must take the new doll—the gentleman from Japan; but he won't be able to play any of the games."

"Oh, he can watch," said Ethel. "Where is the princess? Oh, here she is, under the chair. I must have knocked her down."

"Well," said Mary Clara Beatrice, on the way downstairs, "what do you think of him?"

"I haven't got over my fright yet," whispered Princess Bluebell.

Out in the garden, Mary Clara Beatrice found herself seated beside the stranger to watch the game of mulberry bush.

She wanted very badly to speak to him, but she was afraid of Princess Bluebell.

"Do you know, Ethel," said Cecil, "I think Princess Bluebell must be cold? She looks quite pale! I shall fetch her cloak and hood."

"Oh, she's all right," said Ethel. "Now, I should think the new doll must feel cold. Japan is such a warm place."

"Is it?" said Cecil.

"Cecil," cried Ethel, "I'll be a lecturer, and give you a lecture on Japan."

"What fun!" cried Cecil; "but wait a minute. I think I will get the hood and shawl."

"And take Jumping Jack in," said Ethel.

"Ethel," whispered Cecil, "I wonder if the other dolls like the gentleman from Japan?"

"Of course they do," said Ethel. "Don't you like him?"

Cecil ran into the house.

"Now, Cecil, sit down with the dolls; I want to begin," said Ethel, as soon as Cecil came back.

"I won't sit near him," whispered the princess to Mary Clara Beatrice; "he's simply hideous."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Ethel, "this is a lecture about Japan. Japan is the place where the fans come from. The people wear funny dresses and pig-tails."

"No, they don't," said Cecil; "they wear pig-tails in China."

"You mustn't talk when I'm giving the lecture," said Ethel.

"Well, I don't want to sit still any longer," said Cecil. "It's my turn to be lecturer now."

Ethel shook her head, but Cecil jumped on to the seat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began, "I'm going to give a lecture."

"And, ladies and gentlemen, I'm not going to listen to it!" cried Ethel.

"Well," said Cecil, "that is——" and then she clapped her hands, and jumped down from the seat. "I can see the others coming," she cried. "Jessie is driving in the mail-cart, and Rex, and Susie, and Katie are pulling. What fun!"

"Come and meet them!" cried Ethel.

Away the two little girls ran, and the dolls were left alone by themselves on the garden seat.

Princess Bluebell settled herself down in the corner, feeling very pleased that she was not near the ugly stranger. Mary Clara Beatrice was close beside him; but she did not say a word.

"Well," said the gentleman from Japan suddenly, "is not someone going to talk to me?"

"Princess Bluebell," gasped Mary Clara Beatrice.

"Dear me!" said the gentleman from Japan. "You don't mean to say there is a princess present?"

"I am Princess Bluebell," said the ...

"Who would have thought it?

Mary Clara Beatrice stared at him in astonishment.

"At first, when I came to England," said the gentleman from Japan, "I thought all you English dolls were so ugly, but now I'm getting used to you."

Princess Bluebell seemed at last to have recovered from her astonishment.

"Well, we do not think you are handsome," she said boldly.

"Poor things!" said the gentleman from Japan, "poor little things! You don't know a handsome doll when you see one."

"There are the children at last," said the princess.

They came scampering down the garden.

"Well, Cecil, where's your new doll?" said Susie.

"The gentleman from Japan is the new doll," said Cecil.

"Oh!" said Susie.

"He is ugly!" said Rex.

"He is not like English dolls," said Cecil quickly.

"I like him," said Ethel. "Give him to me, Cecil."

"No, I won't give him away," said Cecil. "He can't help being ugly."

"Well, never mind the dolls," said Rex, "let us have one more race," and away they all ran.

The three dolls were quite silent for a few minutes.

"I'm afraid I was rather rude," said Princess Bluebell bravely. "You see, you can't help it, you know."

"Help it," said the gentleman from Japan. "Help what?"

"Well, being ugly—I mean, help our thinking that you are ugly," said the princess.

"Oh, that doesn't matter to me," said the gentleman from Japan. "That is your bad taste."

"Won't you tell us something about your travels?" said Mary Clara Beatrice quickly.

"It is rather cold, and Cecil seems to have forgotten us to-day," said the Princess Bluebell.

And the gentleman from Japan began his story.

It was very late when Cecil at last fetched the dolls in from the garden to put them to bed.

"You poor dears!" she said, "did I forget all about you? It was cruel of me: and the wind has blown you all on the top of one another."

Certainly Princess Bluebell and Mary Clara Beatrice were almost hidden from sight beneath the Japanese gentleman's dress.

Cecil carried the dolls upstairs, and placed them in a row on the nursery door, and sat down in front of them.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "this is my lecture on Japan. I expect a Japanese little girl would think the new doll very pretty, so I shall try to forget that I ever thought he was ugly. Good-night, you three dear dollies."

But as they lay side by side in the cradle that night, Mary Clara Beatrice whispered to the Princess Bluebell:

"I think I shall like him, you know. He talks so well, though he is a bit stuck up."

"And is so kind," said the princess. "I really was getting very cold until he sat on the top of us."

"Yes, I quite forgot that he was so——" began Mary Clara Beatrice.

"Remember what Cecil said," interrupted the princess. "Perhaps, after all, he isn't, you know."

"Well?" said Mary Clara Beatrice.

"I think you had better go to sleep," said the princess.

CONCLUDING A BARGAIN.—Notwithstanding his florid protestations of generosity and lordly indifference to money, the Oriental has a keen eye to the main chance. A visitor to Damascus gives an amusing description of a horse sale.

A long dispute took place between the intending purchaser and the owner, as the former attempted to beat down the price by a few piastres. The owner, however, seemed very sure of making a favorable sale, even if the present customer should withdraw. So he remained silent, with an occasional inconsequent remark, such as: "It matters not." "Wallah, who am I to argue with thee?" "Wallah, my horse is as dust. Take it without money."

All these expressions are equivalent to cold negatives, and might naturally have exasperated the other man, who had been wasting oceans of rhetoric in persuasion. Finally, he in turn exclaimed, with a ...assed thought ...

... thousand six hundred piastres? Here is the money. Take it!" Then he pressed the bag of treasure into the other's hand and turned away. "Never mind about your horse. I care not for it. Shall we part enemies because of money?"

At this point the other, who now had his money secure, ran after his customer, fell on his neck, and, kissing him on both cheeks, assured him that the horse would henceforth be worthless to him, that, since his brother wished for it, he must take it as a present. And so the bargain was concluded.

DO WE COPY OTHERS' HANDWRITING?—It may be merely fancy (writes a correspondent), but looking back over a long series of miscellaneous papers written by a friend of mine with whose life I am perfectly familiar, it certainly seems as though his handwriting partook to some extent of the nature of that of those persons with whom he came in contact.

Thus at one time, when he was in the same office and in constant relations with a man whose writing was of a peculiarly bold, round, upright type, his own immediately began to assume some of those characteristic features.

So, too, when at a later period he was employed in the office of a foreign merchant, the shapes of his letters seemed to assimilate themselves to those of the nationality to which most of his companions belonged.

The same thing is observable to a greater or less extent throughout the specimens of handwriting which I examined, and in this connection a curious fact might be mentioned. Before my friend went into business, and while he was, therefore, comparatively more under his father's influence, he was able to imitate the latter's handwriting so well as to be almost indistinguishable.

Later on this power suddenly left him, but seemed to have been transferred to his younger brother, when the latter arrived at about the same age.

It is noticeable, however, that a certain distinctive character appears common to all the various specimens of my friends' handwriting, however much they differ from each other.

To make the hair grow a natural color, prevent baldness, and keep the scalp healthy, Hall's Hair Renewer was invented, and has proved itself successful.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Aluminum is being used in making the bodies of cabs.

The only quicksilver mines of consequence in this country are located in California.

It is said that a house well built of first class brick will outlast one constructed of granite.

It is said that fully one-fifth of the inhabitants of London have to live on less than $5 a week for each family.

Ebony wood is hardened after felling by immersion in water for periods varying from six to eight months.

The scales used in weighing diamonds are so delicately poised that the weight of a single eyelash will turn the balance.

The Paris Exposition of 1900 promises to be even more magnificent than that of Chicago, if present plans are carried out.

Vermont by a recent act of Legislature has set apart August 16 as a legal holiday, to be known as Bennington battle day.

A curious fact has been noted by Arctic travelers—snow when at a very low temperature absorbs moisture and dries garments.

Jagson: "I see that your pretty typewriter is gone. What's the matter?" Hogson: "Married." Jagson: "The girl?" Hogson: "No; I."

Japan is a corruption of the Chinese word Shi pon Kue, which means "root of day," or "sunrise kingdom," because Japan is directly east of China.

Elephant bugs have appeared in Butler County and are making it hot for the corn. An elephant bug is about the size of a horse-fly and has a great appetite.

The persons of African descent are classified according to the degrees of colored blood in 6,337,980 blacks, 956,989 mulattoes, 105,135 quadroons and 69,936 octoroons.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad has learned that two members of the Colorado Legislature have been renting their annual passes to traveling men for $15 a month.

The American system of registering and forwarding baggage will probably be widely adopted in France now that the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest has taken the initiative.

Divers now communicate with persons above the water by means of the telephone. The mouthpiece is placed near the lips, so ... that a slight tapping of the head informs ...

The German town of Oeb, in the Spessart Mountains, with 3300 inhabitants, has no taxes except a dog tax, all expenses being defrayed by the proceeds of public saline baths, forests and a fund of $600,000.

An automatic restaurant has just been opened in Berlin, where, by dropping coins in a slot, the dishes are sent up on a tray; rolls, wine and coffee are now served, and more elaborate dishes are to follow.

The farmers on the east end of Long Island have been using menhaden, or bunkers, for a score of years as a fertilizer on their lands, and the catching of these fish has been a large and lucrative business.

Amateur photography is pursued under difficulties in Russia. One has to have a license, and even then if he is so careless as to take a view near a fortress he stands a good chance of taking a trip to Siberia.

Professor Ghoost says that if we reckon the average depth of the ocean at three miles there would be a layer of salt three hundred feet thick in their basins should the water of all suddenly evaporate.

From Dr. McComb's porch, Lebanon, Mo., a wire was stretched to a pine tree. Lightning struck and splintered the tree during a recent thunder storm, and, flashing over the wire, ran down the post and split the porch floor into kindling wood.

A large pike was found in a rabbit trap at Osborton, England, recently. The trap was fully three yards from the water, and it is supposed that the pike had jumped at a fish and the force of the jump had taken it out of the water and into the trap.

Quite a profitable business is done in some large towns of England by lending turtles to restaurants. They are permitted to remain in the windows for a few days and are then taken to different parts of the city as advertisements for other eating houses.

It is said that a newspaper will soon be printed in Chicago which will be a model journal in every respect. It will have no Sunday issue, and the Monday issue will be set up on Saturday night. Crime will be ignored entirely, and only items which shall picture the world as a place of sunshine will be printed.

A petrified dog was washed out of the bank of a stream on the Stop Rock road, South Norwalk, Conn., after one of the recent storms. In appearance it is of a dark gray color. In life it must have been an enormously large animal, and is a species not recognizable by any who have seen it; but it is thought to have been of the kind living with the native occupants of that section prior to settlement by the whites. Bits of petrified wood have frequently been found in that vicinity.

DEAD HOPES.

BY W. W. L.

Across the stream the sunlight falls
In streaks of red and gold;
And shadows down the mountain's side
Come trooping dark and cold.

The summer day is nearly o'er,
The last good bye is said;
Alone I stand here by the stream,
My hopes of love are dead.

A QUEER MINERAL.

A long, lank, slow-voiced Englishman left his native land a score of years ago and settled in Quebec, where he hired out as a laborer in a lumber yard. His great bodily strength, supplemented by his energy and activity soon won him an excellent position. After he had been at work a number of months he returned one cold winter evening to the capacious, shed-like building in which they all lived. Seating himself comfortably before the pot-bellied cast-iron stove, the open mouth of which glowed red with heat, he deliberately drew off his long, wet boots. Then a pair of socks, much the worse for Quebec mud, came off one after the other, and his companions saw him coolly fling them into the fire.

They made no comment on his action, but when, almost immediately afterward, they saw him reach into the stove with a poker, pull out the apparently blazing socks, and, after giving them a shake, proceed with the greatest unconcern to draw them on his feet again, they stood aghast.

It was plainly an exhibition of witchcraft. Then they scrambled over one another in their haste to reach the door, through which they burst into the dark.

The next day they called on the manager in a body and demanded the instant dismissal of the Englishman, loudly declaring that they would no longer eat or drink or work with such [illegible] worked in an asbestos factory before crossing the water, and being of an ingenious turn of mind he had managed to secure some of the material out of which to knit himself a pair of socks. When they became soiled he cleared them in the fire. But such explanations were of no avail with his ignorant companions, and he was compelled to leave his work.

Asbestos is a wonderful substance. Its name comes from a Greek word meaning inconsumable. Fire will not burn it, acids will not gnaw it, weather will not corrode it. It is the paradox of minerals—for a mineral it is, quarried just like marble. The fibres of which it is composed are as soft as silk, and fine and feathery enough to float on water. Yet in the mines they are so compressed that they are hard and crystalline like stone.

Although the substance has been known for ages in the form of mountain cork or mountain leather, comparatively little has been learned as to its geological history and formation. A legend tells how Emperor Charlemagne, being possessed of a table cloth woven of asbestos, was accustomed to astonish his guests by gathering it up after the meal, casting it into the fire, and withdrawing it, later, cleansed but unconsumed.

Yet, although the marvellous attributes of asbestos have been known for so long they were turned to little practical use until about twenty years ago. Since that time the manufacture of the material has grown until it can take its place shoulder to shoulder with any of the giant industries of this country. Indeed, so rapid has been its progress and development that there is almost no literature of any kind on the subject, and to the popular mind it is still one of those dim, inexplainable things.

A Chicago dealer in asbestos goods says that the majority of persons who use the substance are firmly convinced that it is all manufactured by some secret process from wool or cotton.

Up to the late seventies nearly all the asbestos used came from the Italian Alps and Syria, but one day a party of explorers discovered a rich deposit in what is known as the eastern townships of Quebec in Canada. Companies were at once formed, and 1879 the mines were opened. Remarkable as it may seem, however, although the Canadians started factories, in the operation of which they were substantially backed by English capital, it was an American concern, with headquarters in New York that developed the manufacturing industry most rapidly. The company has now grown so large that it has branches in nearly all of the large cities of the country, and the machinery used is specially made and peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of asbestos articles. There are also a large number of factories in England.

The Canadian mines are located in a wild, rough country almost outside of the pale of civilization. The hills have worn themselves bare of earth, and the bleak rocks glare out in great bald patches. At one time a scraggy growth of pines clung to the remaining ridges of soil, but forest fires, the hand of man, and the ravages of wind and weather have left only the dreary waste of burned and blackened stubs. The sides of the hills gape with great holes in which the men—mostly French Canadians—are at work.

The mining is done by means of the most improved quarrying machinery. Holes are drilled in long rows into the sides of the cliffs by means of steam drills. They are then loaded with dynamite and exploded simultaneously by wires connecting with an electric battery in such a way that a whole ledge of the rock falls into the bottom of the pit at once. Then the workmen break out as much of the pure asbestos as possible, load it into great tubs or trucks, busily employed crumbling or "cobbing" the pieces of rock away from the asbestos and throwing the lumps of good fiber to one side, where it is placed in rough bales or sacks ready for shipment to the factory.

AT a recent dinner, where the host was inexperienced, there was a lull in the conversation, and he, with a view to relief, asked a mournful looking man if he were married. "No, I am a bachelor," stiffly replied the sombre man. "Ah," said the host, warming to his subject. "How long have you been a bachelor?" There was another lull in the conversation.

Grains of Gold.

The truly noble heart bears no resentment.

Men will forget what we suffer but not what we do.

The woof of life is dark, but it is shot with a warp of gold.

God is glorified not by our sighs, but by our thanksgivings.

The rainbow—see how fair a thing God hath built up from tears.

To struggle again and again to renew the conflict, this is life's inheritance.

Life, like the dome of many colored glass, stains the white radiance of eternity.

The most difficult thing in life is to keep the heights which the soul has reached.

Goodness has slowly proved itself in the world—is every day proving itself—like a light broadening in darkness.

Many a man who now lacks shoe leather would wear golden spurs if knighthood were the reward of worth.

Cheerfulness creates hope, which is the foundation of faith, and faith is more than life, because it reaches into the beyond.

It is not the great things which we would do if we could that will count in the end, but the little things we could do if we would.

The world is shadowed or brightened by our own heart rather than by anything itself. Our joy makes the cloudiest day glad and our grief finds night in the sunset sky.

Femininities.

Field rats are considered good eating in China.

In Madagascar so cheap is silk that it is the only fabric used in the manufacture of clothing.

Grunson: "Another increase in your family, eh? Son or a daughter?" Bilbee, gloomily: "Son-in-law."

There were no pianos before the present century. In earlier time, ladies played on the spinet or harpsichord.

In China, a man may wear the same garments for a lifetime without being out of style, so little does the fashion change.

"No, not exactly a case of love at first sight but first hearing." "But I don't understand." "Hearing she had a fortune."

Husband: "These biscuits are somewhat heavy, my dear—don't you think so?" Wife: "That's funny. The cook-book says they ought to be light."

The old man, to daughter's lover: "Young man, do you smoke cigarettes?" The lover, apologetically: "Yes, sir; but——" The old man: "Well, give me one."

A woman with a long thumb will, according to Desbarolles, the authority on palmistry, always do her best to have her own way. So will almost any other woman.

The first wearer of a silk dress in Europe was a lady of the French Court, in 1455. The first pair of silk stockings worn in Europe adorned the ankles of Henry II. of France, in 1599.

"Why, Bertha, aren't you married yet?" "Alas, no! It isn't my fault, either. A number of young men have wanted to speak to mamma, but she talks so much she didn't give them a chance."

Mrs. Newed: "I want to confess something to you, dearest. I deceived you about my age; it is more than I told you." Mr. Newed: "Then I may as well reciprocate, darling. I deceived you about my income; it is less than I told you."

Brownjugg: "Your wife is such a talented woman that I should think you would be jealous lest some man would fall in love with her." Smithers: "Oh, dear no! You see, she never is late a late with a man three minutes before she begins to recite some of her verses to him."

Mrs. Wickwire: "I don't believe a [illegible] else. But a woman can hold her attention to keeping her hat on straight even when her lover is kissing her for the first time."

The Queen's private dining-room at Balmoral is a very homely and simple apartment. Its principal decorations are water-color sketches, which are more remarkable for the fact that they are the work of various members of the Royal Family, than for any special talent they display.

A woman with a strange taste has recently been arrested in Paris for stealing pipes. On her rooms being searched, no fewer than 300 meerschaum pipes were discovered, it being the lady's hobby to color them. But as she stole them first, her curious mania will be checked by the chilly solitude of a prison.

The Czar has a palace just outside of St. Petersburg, known as Tsarskoe-Selo, which was built by Catherine the Great. It is of vast extent and plated over with gold. It took nearly $1,000,000 worth of bullion to do the work, and when, owing to the dampness of the climate, it began to peel off, Catherine ordered it to be painted instead.

A scientist declares that the fine complexion of English girls is due to the fogs which so frequently sweep over Albion. Dampness seems to permeate the flesh and keep the skin soft. On the other hand, a dry and sunny climate makes a dry and harsh complexion. The natives of desert countries are a living proof of the latter half of this statement.

Because in Spanish etiquette the king can only associate with his equals, the boy Alfonso can have no playmates. He cannot play with his own sisters as an ordinary boy might. Plenty of toys he has always had, among them a fine rocking horse covered with the skin of a real pony. This and his black cat Perrito have been two of his greatest comforts, so he is a real boy after all. Some wise head and kindly heart, perhaps the queen mother's, managed to get around the rule that cut the boy off from companions of his own age. A boy regiment has been formed for him. In it are 450 boys in uniform led by a band.

Writing of sulky people, Mrs. Lynn Linton cites a wedded pair who lived together in the same house, meeting at the same table for meals, receiving guests, housing friends, and going through all the formalities of society, yet for years and years never speaking to each other. All the communications which perforce had to be made between them were in writing. No spoken word unlocked the closed portals of their sulky lips. Padlocked against each other, they lived in mute unbroken enmity for the rest of their lives. Sulky to the last, only when death dissolved the cloud of temper which had enwrapped his soul and mind did she come out of hers.

Masculinities.

A man is wise when he seeks wisdom; a knave when he thinks he has acquired it.

He is great who can do what he wishes; he is wise who wishes to do what he can.

There is a strength of quiet endurance as significant of courage as the most daring feats of prowess.

A philosophical son of Erin was overheard remarking to a friend, "Have a good time while you live; for you're a long while dead."

To prevent boots from squeaking, place them in a dish full of linseed oil. When the soles are once saturated, they will never offend again.

Allowing only 30 chews per minute, 10 hours a day, a Kentucky statistician calculates that the average gum chewer moves his or her jaws 183 miles a year.

M. Beuve is an enthusiastic Frenchman who is such an ardent admirer of Victor Hugo that he collects even cakes of soap on which the head of the great author appears.

The giving of the bride by her father is not a very important part of the marriage ceremony, but the giving away of some maidens by their little brothers has prevented many marriages.

A Knox county, Me., man has a chicken a week old which is fitted out with four feet and two bills. It is lively and strong, and its prospects are good for the average length of life given to chickens.

Policeman, to drunken husband: "How dare you beat your wife in this manner? She is under the protection of the law, and the right to punish belongs to the law exclusively." D. H.: "All right, you lick her."

"Do you ever gamble?" she asked, as they sat together, her hand held in his. He replied: "No; but if I wanted to now would be my time." "How so?" "Because I hold a beautiful hand." The engagement is announced.

The Boston papers have been telling of a Harvard student who has an income of $2,000 a month. He is Walter S. Hobart, 22 years old, and is the son of a California mine owner. He is the owner of a racing stable, and is a fine rider.

It is said that Corot, the painter, used to give needy artists paintings which he had done, and would tell them that by skillful frames.

A man made a wager with a lady that he could thread a needle quicker than she could sharpen a lead-pencil. The man won—time fourteen minutes and forty seconds. It is thought the result would have been different if the woman had not run out of lead-pencil inside of five minutes.

"Ask a class of Japanese students," says Lafcadio Hearn, "young students of 14 to 15, to tell their dearest wishes, and, if they have confidence in the questioner, perhaps nine out of ten will answer, 'To die for his Majesty, our Emperor.' And the wish soars from the heart pure as any wish for martyrdom ever born."

In having recently become Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards, Field Marshal Lord Wolseley acquired the title of "Gold Stick in Waiting." This title was first conferred by Charles II, and means that his lordship must, on state occasions, carry a gold headed ebony staff, and be especially responsible for the personal safety of his sovereign.

It may not be so generally known that recent post-mortem examinations of the bodies of the blind reveal the fact that in the nerves at the ends of the fingers well-defined cells of gray matter had formed, identical in substance and in cell formation with the gray matter of the brain. What does this show? It proves that a man can think not alone in his head, but all over his body.

The Institute of France has started an international subscription for the erection in Paris of a statue of Lavoisier, the noted chemist. In 1794 the Revolutionary Tribunal sent him to the scaffold, after having refused to comply with his request for a delay until he had completed his experiments. Fouquier Tinville at that time declared that the Republic had no need of learned men.

A club steward in London was recently convicted and fined for putting "Moet et Chandon" labels on bottles of inferior champagne. The waiters had genuine corks in their pockets to satisfy suspicious club members; while for those who could tell the wine by the taste the real article was first supplied, and as they drank the inferior wine was substituted. None of the club members detected the fraud.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert has no ear for music, and cannot tell the difference between harmony and discord, yet he likes it and has an ear for rhythm. Says he: "The slightest error in time, which would probably escape a musician, would jar most ghastlingly on my ear. My fondness for music chiefly lies in hearing pieces which are connected in my mind with associations. I would rather hear an unknown soprano singing a song I knew than Patti singing one I did not know."

Latest Fashion Phases.

The capes for summer wear are triumphs of color and decoration. One example is made of glace silk, that with three colors to it has a chameleon effect. It is slashed to the neck at intervals all the way round and cream guipure is inserted in the openings. While the whole is spangled with small black sequins and lined with white silk, a special model for young ladies is a short, full black satin cape entirely covered with cream guipure spangled with paillettes and finished at the neck with a black chiffon ruche. Another novelty in black satin has a narrow yoke of green velvet, and the satin is cut in a deep point at the back, on the shoulders, with two points in front and covered with spangles to match the velvet.

The newest materials for costumes are alpacas and barèges of the old kind revived.

A stunning boating costume is made of blue and white striped canvas, with a box-plaited blouse waist open in front to show a shirt of tucked lawn trimmed with narrow lace.

Corsets made especially for cycling are fitted out elastic on the hips and in the fastenings back and front, so that they give perfect freedom to the figure.

The uses and varieties of ribbon employed for decorating summer gowns are legion. Either checked, striped, Pompadour or Dresden patterned, taffeta or plain satin ribbons are a part of nearly every youthful gown, and all these gowns have a touch of ribbon somewhere. A pretty fashion are the braces of ribbon finished with bows on the shoulders and others at the waist. Each ribbon, from three to six inches wide, is sometimes carried down the front or back of the skirt at either side, where it ends in a bow at the hem.

Blouse waists of finely-striped washing silks, with turn-over collars of lawn or white silk edged lace, are the coolest things possible and dainty to look upon.

White parasols of plain silk and no trimming are the prevailing fashion for general use with light gowns, and in addition to these are the changeable silks for greater service, and some are covered with large Scotch plaids, very conspicuous, but rare in the procession.

The chiffon bow will be in high favor with this year's summer girl. It is a succession of fluffy frills or great loose puffs, with here and there a flower peeping forth. The shops show these bows in a varied assortment of colors, the chiffon matching in tint the petals of the flowers. A very fluffy white chiffon bow has a daisy caught beneath each puff, while delicate blue bows are scattered with little clusters of forget-me-nots.

The latest cape is made of black ostrich feathers. Small tips are used and the cape has a Medici collar and a cluster of very small tips over each shoulder. Capes of accordion plaited silk mull, combined with lace insertion, are among the summer novelties.

Oxford ties instead of being laced are fastened with three buttons. Black ties have large pearl buttons and are made with military heels. Ties of tan leather in all the different shades are much the vogue.

To be fashionably dressed, it is not sufficient to wear dresses of the latest cut, and hats of the newest twist. Individual taste in adapting the new styles is the secret of the fashionable woman's correct appearance.

A woman with an instinct for dress can make her wits serve her instead of cash. It is not exaggerating the facts to say that a really clever woman can accomplish more with her wits and $25 than another can do with $50 and without wits, in general these women are like poets—born, not made. A young girl of 17, with almost no new materials to work with, evolved a cape and hat which would have done credit to experienced artists. The cape was composed of three articles which had been used before, and one that was new. The yoke was a black velvet one which had been part of an old silk waist. This was stiffened and lined with white moire from an old sash. A flounce of the sash was veiled with some rich cream-colored lace that was the feature of the cape. The only new materials in this little wrap was a net ruche that cost 41 cents. Her hat was last summer's lace hat, with a new green straw crown.

Such a gifted girl fairly revels in this season's fashions. The fancy neck fixings and blouses gives her endless opportunity for using her talents. The blouse here shown with its white collar and mull flounces down the front is an example of what can be done at home.

Hats of gauze and such light materials are in great demand these warm days. They have a cool, summery appearance which even the lace straw cannot aspire to. It is a comparatively simple matter to make one of these alluring bonnets—so simple, in fact, that there is a possibility of their becoming common. The plaited mull for the brim may be bought by the yard. This varies in price, from 12 cents to 25 cents per yard, and is measured straight. Two and a half yards is enough to make a wide brim. Three concentric circular wires are necessary to stiffen it. These wires are held in place by about six others, which radiate from the centre like the spokes of a wheel. When they brim is made, the hat is practically done, and all that is then necessary is two and one-half yards of straw for a Tam o' Shanter crown. The straw may be of any color desired, but green is a favorite. The feathers to stand up at the side of the crown where the brim is slightly rolled, a small spray beneath the brim in front, where the brim turns almost straight up, and a smart bow of ribbon or some aigrettes are sufficient trimming.

A mull hat with only a bow of ribbon beside its Tam o'Shanter crown is worn with the above costume. Accordion plaited mull forms a collar to the gown which harmonizes with the hat.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Embroidery.—There is abundant evidence that embroidery is not a moribund art, and that women of our day in their matter-of-fact existence have still time to bestow on the graceful reproduction of flowers and conventional designs by means of the needle. Singularly beautiful is a design of foxgloves in the mauve, intermixed with one of the quaintest products of hedgerows, familiarly known as "horse-tails," and sometimes included in the category of ferns, although they are not entitled to be so classed. The flowers spring from graceful leaves, and the whole is excellently worked with silk. The foundation is white linen with a broad, open hem-stitch, and an inch or so below and light heliotrope tints are particularly attractive. Quite a different class of floral embroidery is displayed on another table centre, worked on fancy stone-colored linen, adorned at either end with a huge pansy 6 inches in length, accompanied by a bud, leaves, and stem finely worked in a style which resembles painting in needlework, the long stitches shading into each other, the petals bordered with a prominent outline. Those, however, who prefer conventional to floral patterns have no cause of complaint. A white linen nightgown case, made in the new shape, large, with three equal pieces of material, two joined together, forming the actual bag, the other falling over flapwise, and to this last all the ornamentation in Moorish style is applied.

Multi-colors are in favor now, hence the furore for Norwegian embroidery, admirably exemplified in a table-cloth with a groundwork of fawn-colored wool, woven like satin. This had a border of red, white, orange brown, green, and blue—a geometrical design, singularly effective, but needing little work, for the stitches are often half an inch in length, set side by side, and all these several colors combine in a deep, handsome fringe. The Bokhara work is embroidered in a soft make of coarse cotton, in blue, black, yellow, gray, and terra-cotta combined. A great variety of stitches are introduced, all large, giving the maximum of effect with the minimum of labor. The patterns take the form of interlaced squares and circles, and the material is cut away around the edge. It would be difficult to find any needlework more pleasant to do and more effective when done. The idea of an applique-colored linen on white or ecru has been carried out for a baby's cot, or perambulator cover. Across this on an applique of bright pink ribbon the word "Baby" is embroidered. It turns down at the top, the corners being covered with the same colored ribbon. This also is work easily done.

When a woman finds herself so tired that she thinks she cannot eat or even sleep properly, let her devote a quarter of an hour to getting rested. Three minutes will suffice to remove her clothing and to get into a warm dressing gown. Five minutes should be devoted to lying flat on the back with eyes closed and muscles relaxed. The remaining eight minutes can be divided between sponging the feet with alcohol and rubbing the back of the neck with the same or with aromatic vinegar. The weary woman will not recognize herself at the end of the process, and if she can don freshing clothing she will feel equal to almost any exertion by the time she is dressed again.

In order to have clean, glossy but never oily hair, it is necessary not only to brush it daily, but to keep the brush in proper condition. It should be cleaned once a week by dipping it into water and ammonia, rinsing in fresh water and drying immediately. A soiled brush with particles of dust and dandruff clinging to its bristles will not remove dust and dandruff from the hair.

It is an excellent idea for the woman whose curls are not of nature's making to give her locks a vacation now and then from the curling iron. The iron dries and hardens the hair, so that after a long course of curling it has a colorless, dead appearance. When the hair begins to look this way, its owner should adopt a severe, unwaved style of coiffure and give nature a chance to undo the injury.

It is an excellent idea to give one's body an occasional rest from clothing, even during waking hours. A very warm, padded lounging gown and a pair of warm, soft, knitted shoes form a good costume to wear in one's room as frequently as possible. The freedom from the restraint of bands and the weight of the regulation outfit gives grace and pliability.

Nearly all laundries take orders for new bands for shirts, and the work is done so reasonably that it is hardly worth one's while to attempt it at home. But sometimes only one buttonhole of a shirt is broken. It is then practicable to set a piece into the band and make a new buttonhole without taking off the entire strip. The only caution necessary is that in cutting out the worn part in front it must be taken far enough back so that the joint will not show at the opening of the collar. The piece cut out should be ripped off the bosom and the new muslin seamed and turned over level with the band, so that no stitching will show.

Few mothers know how much may be [illegible] not quite two inches long and sew it across the lower part of the opening at the back. This relieves the strain of a sudden jerk, such as all boys are apt to give.

"I despair of ever getting really fast black-darning cotton," says one woman, "so I have taken to using cashmere mending wool for all hosiery. It does not make so neat a darn, but it is softer for the feet, and it never loses color." The same authority declares in favor of darning flannels and flannelette garments in preference to patching them.

The comic papers are not far wrong when they ridiculate the average woman for not knowing how to sew on buttons. It is often the simplest things of which we remain longest ignorant, because no one thinks it worth while to tell us just how they should be done.

For buttons which are sewn through and through, and on which there is great strain, such as those on children's waists, No. 16, or at least nor finer than No. 20, cotton is needed. Linen thread is not available, because it requires a coarse needle, and that will not pass readily through the button. Double the cotton, place a pin across the top of the button and sew over it and through the holes, winding the cotton around the button underneath after each stitch. Thus you make an artificial shank, and when the pin is withdrawn there is enough thread to prevent it snapping when strained.

For coat buttons, whether lasting, bone or ivory, the best thing to use is coarse twist. If you can get tailor's twist, so much the better. Linen thread turns gray and becomes brittle after a short time. Twist is the best for shoe buttons, and should always be used double.

A new knitting machine has just been brought out which will be of service to those women who have never been taught to knit in the ordinary way, or to boys who are invalided or crippled temporarily, and are in want of an amusing occupation. The ingenious little invention is to be had in three sizes, and is small enough to be carried in a handbag, the smallest size being easily slipped into an ordinary pocket. Cuffs, comforters, petticoats, shawls, and many other similar articles of dress may be made with its aid at the expense of very little time and trouble.

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Strange Acquaintances.

BY A DETECTIVE.

THE numerous frauds and forgeries by which the banks and tradesmen of London have been victimized recently, have caused the papers to state that these swindles were supposed to be the work of a well-known gang of gentlemanly rogues, and one man in particular was described as the chief instigator.

Now, the man described is, I fancy (writes a contributor), at the present moment in prison in Belgium. But some years ago I knew him intimately. He had one of the finest suites of chambers in all Piccadilly, just over a well-known shop.

Where he sprang from I never knew, nor how he first got his introduction into the set in which he moved. All I know is that for the best part of two seasons he fairly "ran" society, and more particularly that section of the male community who are generally known as "men about town."

I made his acquaintance one evening at an ideal bachelor's dinner, given by a man I knew at his chambers in Park Lane.

I soon became intimate with R——. He was a singularly attractive man, handsome and gentlemanly, with a mine of anecdotes, and an entertaining companion. He could not fail to make himself popular. He was evidently enormously wealthy; was a first-rate sportsman; was deeply read in all "polite learning;" and was a man of exceptional culture and refinement—a connoisseur on all matters of art.

He had evidently traveled extensively, and his rooms in Piccadilly were the most sumptuously appointed and most lavishly luxurious of any bachelor's rooms I have ever seen—and I knew a good many in those days.

He entertained in princely fashion; and his dinners and suppers were the choicest affairs imaginable. In a few weeks he was leading the fashionable young men of London by the nose, and was no less victories among ladies, in whose eyes the ever met, and was certainly one of the most popular. Yet all the while that he was living in this style he was systematically robbing his friends and defrauding their bankers. He used to get the entree to their rooms, and, by keeping his eyes open, managed to appropriate chequebooks and any information which would assist him in helping himself to some one else's money.

There is small doubt that he worked in connection with a gang, of which two French valets were certainly members; and his methods were so similar to those recently employed in London, that there is good reason to believe that the latest swindles have been the work of the same gang as was originally led by my friend R——; but he himself is in prison.

The way in which he disappeared was very strange. He simply went abroad, and did not return. No one in London knew the reason, and gradually he slipped out of all minds except the mind of his landlord, who grew uneasy as month by month passed and no signs of his return. Finally, he sold all R——'s effects and relet the rooms.

And it was in connection with the revived interest in R—— through the sale of his collection that I happened to learn from a Government official that he was in prison in Belgium for some fraud committed in that country. He would never have been caught had it not been for a stupid blunder on the part of one of his accomplices.

And at the present moment there are scores of his quondam associates who have no idea what has become of him.

The extraordinary thing was how he obtained the position he did. He never referred to his past, no one knew anything about it. He seemed to drop from the skies and take society by storm, acquiring his pre-eminence simply by reason of his undoubted merits.

Another friend of mine who turned out to be a well-known and much-wanted forger was an artist, living alone in a charming little old-fashioned house in picturesque Fulham. He was a man whom one would describe as "an artist to his finger-tips." His little house was the ideal home of a dilettante, and he played the part to perfection. With few friends, and those very intimate ones, he passed a life of ease and luxury—apparently.

In reality, whilst posing as an amateur engraver, he was engaged forging drafts, bills and bank notes which were never traced to him. I became acquainted with him one day on a long railway journey, and a sincere friendship sprang up between us. Some of the pleasantest evenings of my life were spent at his little retreat, where over the most perfect little suppers four or five of us, congenial spirits, would sit until the gray dawn stole softly over the silent world, discussing men and things, listening to his delightful flow of brilliant conversation, and discussing art, and books and philosophy.

There was a strain of pathos and natural cynicism in his quiet personality which was infinitely attractive; and the news of his suicide cast a gloom over me for many a long day.

He was never detected, and it was not until some years after his death that I learnt his true character.

He used to take long tours now and again, sketching in Syria, in Turkey, in the Austrian Tyrol—in fact, in just those quarters of the globe where one would be the least likely to look for a criminal.

Now I know the meaning of those sudden holidays.

When suspicion began to point towards him, he would go out as though for a short stroll, and would walk away, not to return again for months. Earlier in his life he had played the part of a country squire, with theories on farming. When things became too hot for him, he went out one day, gun in hand, and a year later the retiring artist, under a new name, settled in Fulham, after a year's tour in Palestine.

He strolled away from there in lawn tennis flannels, leaving behind him no trace of occupation, but quitting his lovely collection of curios and works of art as though about to return again in a few hours.

I never heard of him again until I was called on to identify his corpse at Surbiton, a year later. Each time he changed his residence he changed his friends, his mode of life, his whole identity; and at Surbiton he posed as a well-to-do City man.

When he took his last long sleep after a who he was, until a card of mine was discovered in a crack in the wainscoting—having evidently fallen unobserved from the mantelpiece.

The papers at the time of his mysterious death insinuated that he was "Jack the Ripper." But only those who knew nothing of his gentle nature could have made such a suggestion.

AWFUL DESTRUCTION.—"The most awful destruction that has occurred here within the memory of the oldest native broke upon us on Sunday last," writes a missionary resident of the Fiji Islands after the recent windstorm. "It will take years of prosperous seasons for Fiji to recover. It is feared that no island has escaped. The most dreadful thing of all is to know that the worst is still to come in the shape of poverty and starvation. How the unfortunate people are to keep body and soul together is a mystery. Hundreds are now eating food unfit for human consumption, so that we must expect an epidemic of dysentery.' Another account says that the centre of the group has suffered most severely, Taviuni, Levuka, Rewa and Suva having had the brunt of the gale. It does not appear to have covered a large area laterally, as Wainunu, on the Vanua Levu coast opposite Taviuni, had only a light breeze, and Navua, twenty-one miles west of Suva, suffered but little. The Captain of the Union Company's steamship Ohau, upon his arrival at Suva, thus describes his experience: "At 11 A. M., Jan. 6, the wind had reached its greatest force, it being impossible to stand on deck or hear one another speak. The weather was very thick, the rain being heavy, with fearful squalls. At this time seven sheep were blown overboard off the deck, and immediately after a reef was discovered on the port bow, and it was thought to be the end. All hands prepared for the worst, but fortunately the ship cleared the reef by about fifty yards. Another reef was then discovered on the starboard bow and another dead astern, so that how the steamship got clear is a miracle considering the wind and sea."

"One of the most deplorable features of this war is the entire absence of provision for the Chinese wounded," writes a Niuchang correspondent of the London Times. "There are neither ambulance corps nor medical officers in the army, and when a man is wounded he is left to die on the field or escape as best he can. After the battle of Ping-Yang in September many wounded made their way back to Manchuria; but only sixteen of them reached Mukden. The vast majority must have died in the villages along the line of retreat. Especially hard is the case of those whose commander is killed, for they have no one to look to for wages or help of any kind. As the Japanese came nearer, efforts were made to establish a Red Cross hospital here. On December 3 a Chinese inn, which had been rented, was opened for the wounded, and up to this date forty-nine cases have been treated. The majority were wounded at Chin-chow on November 21. They had formed part of the troops which were landed at the mouth of the Yalu at the time of the famous naval battle there. The Japanese passage of the Yalu seems to have taken them completely by surprise. Their commanders, Liu and Ma, were, according to these men's story, enjoying their sleep as usual on the night of the 27th, when the sentries rushed in with the tidings that the enemy was close at hand. 'That is impossible,' said Liu, 'for when we went to bed there was neither bridge nor boats by which they could cross.' But the news was too true. The garrison was quickly roused, but when the men were ready for action no one could be found to lead them, for Generals Liu and Ma were already in full flight along with most of their officers."

A DEFINITION.—"Father," said his son, looking up from a book with a puzzled expression in his face, "what is pride?"

"Pride," returned the father. "Pride! Why—a—oh, surely you know what pride is. A sort of being stuck up—a kind of—well, proud you know. Just get the dictionary; that's the thing to tell you exactly what it is. There's nothing like a dictionary, Johnny."

"Here it is," said the latter, after an exhausting search. "Pride, being proud."

"Um—yes, that's it," replied the father.

"But——"

"Well, look at 'proud!' That's the way—you have got to hunt these things out, my lad."

"I've got it," answered Johnny. "'Pre-pri-pro'—why!——"

day. I tell you, Johnny, there is nothing like a good dictionary when you are young. Take care of the binding, my son, as you put it back."

In the days of the Venetian Republic the Doge's wife was obliged to take an oath, upon her husband's election to the office, that she would accept no gifts but flowers, sweet herbs, balsam, leaves, and rosewater; that she would not write on behalf of any man to her husband or to his council; and that she would never ask for any favor or office for any one. Private intrigue and domestic considerations was thus militated against. In the earlier days of the Republic the lot of Venetian women was not particularly happy. They lived in the most rigorous seclusion, rarely leaving their gloomy palaces even for church. This state of things continued until the Greek wife of Doge Servo introduced habits of luxury from Byzantium. Her "evil custom of washing her whole person," her baths of dew and her excessive use of perfumes, were at first regarded with horror, but her down-trodden sisters were not slow to profit by her example.

A CYNICAL FABLE.—Mr. Lanigan's fable of "The Two Turkeys" has a fine cynical flavor that prodigal sons will relish: "An Honest Farmer once led his two Turkeys into his Granary and told them to eat, drink and be merry. One of these Turkeys was wise and one foolish. The foolish Bird at once indulged excessively in the Pleasures of the Stable, unsuspicious of the Future, but the wiser fowl, in order that he might not be fattened and slaughtered, fasted continually, mortified his flesh and devoted himself to gloomy reflections upon the Brevity of Life. When Thanksgiving approached the Honest Farmer killed both Turkeys, and, by placing a Rock in the interior of the Prudent Turkey, made him weigh more than his plumper Brother.

"Moral.—As we Travel through Life let us Live by the Way."

HUNTING THE HUNTERS.—Mr. Scott Elliot, who is exploring the country of Ruwenyori in Central Africa, reports a curious fact in natural history. The cattle there having all been eaten up, lions and leopards have taken to man-hunting, and have changed their habits in consequence. Instead of roaring on the trail, as is their custom elsewhere, they do not utter a sound. Mr. Scott Elliot had two men injured and another carried away within a hundred yards of him without hearing any noise.

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"As love's young dream."
"You're off your base," the maid replied;
"It's strawberry cream."
—U. N. Nose.

Gas bills—Light affliction.

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Not amiss—A rich and lovely widow.

Coming to grief—Meeting trouble halfway.

Don't feel well—People with artificial hands.

A religious movement—Going to church.

Do the "roots of words" produce "flowers of speech?"

Bing: "How do parrots talk?" Bang: "In polysyllables, of course."

What is it that ties two persons, but touches only one of them? A wedding ring.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure?—In the case of a watch.

Why is the letter O like the equator? Because it is a circle dividing the globe into two equal parts.

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.

Injured passenger: "What is your number?" Trolley motorman: "Nineteen killed and forty wounded."

Tommy's pop: "Well, my boy, how high are you in school?" Tommy: "Oh, I'm 'way up. My class is on the top floor."

Sign in the shop window—"Boy wanted." Young wife to her husband: "My dear, isn't that too bad? I suppose they have all girls."

"What are you doing on the bureau, Tommie?" "Standin' before the lookin'-glass," said Tommie; "wanted to see how I'd look if I was twins."

Dinwindie: "I hear that Van Bramm was overcome by the heat yesterday." Hilland: "It might be called that. He asked Singles if it was hot enough for him, and Singles knocked him down."

What puzzles me is, how do the tin fish know the right place to go after they get inside?"

"I licked him," said the boy, mournfully; "I licked him good, and now there are a couple of big fellows in the next street just a-layin' for me to lick me 'cause I licked him."

"My son," said the father, earnestly, seeing an opportunity to impress a lesson in international politics upon the boy, "now you realize the position in which Japan is in."

Teacher: John, what are your boots made of?

John: Of leather.

Teacher: Where does the leather come from?

John: From the hide of the ox.

Teacher: What animal therefore supplies you with boots, and gives you meat to eat?

John: My father.

"Here, James, take these two cakes, and give the smaller one to your little brother."

James examines the cakes carefully, appears undecided, and finally takes a heroic bite out of one of them, which he passes over to his brother, with the remark—

"There, Tommy, I've made you a smaller one; they were both the same size."

A negro, being asked for his definition of a gentleman, gave the following: "Massa make de black man worker—make de ox worker—make ebery ting worker—only de hog—he no worker; he eat, he drink, he walk 'bout, he go to sleep when he please, he liff like a guntleman."

A lecturer having been invited to deliver a lecture in a mountain town in Nevada, wrote to the committee of invitation: "I am informed that the roads leading up to your place are so steep and rocky that even a donkey couldn't climb them; there you must excuse me from making the attempt." He was unanimously excused.

A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of her hot rolls, was asked to have another.

"Really, I cannot," she modestly replied. "I don't know how many I have eaten already."

"I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table. "You've eaten eight. I've been counting."

"How many comets did you say there were?" inquired the magistrate of the prisoner, who had been locked up for deranging the symmetry of a neighbor's features during an astronomical controversy.

"Three, as it please yer honner."

The court smiled incredulously, upon observing which Pat added—

"I'm after telling you the truth. Mickey Farrel, he saw one; Mrs. Dinnis, she saw another; and it was meself that saw the third."

THE LABORET MISSION PRESS.—Shanghai is China's chief port, not even excepting Canton. It contains about 400,000 inhabitants who are under native rule, and the English, American and French "settlements," with 250,000 Chinese and 5,000 foreigners, all of whom are under foreign rule. In that city tremendous congregations gather in the mission churches, and there are to be found the largest Sunday-schools in China. In Shanghai is also the largest mission press in the world. More than 1,000 Chinese converts are connected with the different missions. In the mission press, electrotyping and stereotyping are done, and over 35,000,000 pages are issued annually. The total number of books and tracts issued last year was 935,-496.

COMPLIMENTARY.—An anecdote which is going the rounds of the religious papers is to the effect that in a certain public office in England an old German, who one of several foreigners employed to translate some papers in a case under examination, was shown by one of the commissioners, a notedly pious man, a name on a certain list, and was asked what had become of him. The German replied, "Oh! he is dead and gone to Old Nick!" The commissioner, horror-struck, replied, "My dear sir, you must not speak of him in that way." "Never-a mind," said the German "never-a-mind." Then, in a mysterious and emphatic whisper, he added, "You vait; some day you vill see!"

FOUGHT WITH ROPES' ENDS.—An extraordinary duel has taken place in Brussels between two young men. They were enamored of the same young lady, who, after considerable hesitation, made her choice. The unsuccessful suitor challenged his rival to a duel and proposed that each should be armed with a piece of rope, and that they should thrash each other as long as they could hold out. The challenge was accepted. The fight, however, had not been long in progress when the police came up and stopped it. Both "duellists" were considerably bruised, but the challenger is said to have got the worst of the encounter.

A SOUVENIR.—An elderly gentleman entered the shop of a capillary artist celebrating hair design, representing a weeping willow with a weeping willow." "Certainly," returned the artist; "you have some of your late wife's hair?" "No, unfortunately I have not," was the reply. "But I have married again, and the hair of my second wife is of the same color as that of the first one."

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No. 2. From forehead over the head to nock. No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.06 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.06 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.06 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.40 a m, (Saturdays only 1.30 p m, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.40, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

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